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LECTURES ON PALESTINE.—No. 7.

MOUNT CARMEL AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

THE literal meaning of the Hebrew word "Carmel" is "vineyard of God." It was given, no doubt, both to the hill of southern Judea and to the mountain by the sea, on account of their singular fertility. Even at this day, when the lone convent illustrates the prophecy of Micah, of a small flock dwelling solitary in the woods of Carmel, the fitness of Isaiah's jubilant song of the "excellency of Carmel" is as wonderfully shown. There, indeed, the solitary place is glad with verdure, and the wilderness blossoms like the rose. No region of Palestine is a more appropriate symbol of natural and enduring fruitfulness. In striking contrast to the yellow rocks and the arid plains of the Judean mountains are the majestic forests which belt and crown in its whole length the promontory of Carmel. There are groves of oak dark enough for Grecian oracles; there are thickets of laurel luxuriant enough to furnish the wreaths of a Roman triumph. The orchards of wild-olive around its base surpass even those which hang above the valley of Jehoshaphat; and the orchards of fig upon its summit are too early productive to show a single instance of the tree which the Saviour cursed. The flora of Mount Carmel, in its richness and variety, bewilders a traveller who would cull the fairest tokens from its abundance; and would be the despair of a

botanist, however wanted to his task. Flowers of the pasture and the rock bloom there side by side; and along the bed of the brooks are found water-plants in their season. Flowers of foreign climes awaken there to the traveller, in his morning-walk, memories of his home beyond the sea, — memories of familiar lines. He sees the “primrose by the river’s brim,” the “violet by a mossy stone,” the “pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies,” and

“A host of golden daffodils, —  
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,  
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.”

This profusion of wild vegetation on Carmel almost makes one forget the sacred associations of that mountain. The name of the convent, however, recalls the prophet to whom Carmel belongs, as much as Sinai and Horeb belong to Moses, or Zion to David. This is the spot where Elijah chose his place of sojourn, where he walked with God alone, where he testified by miracle that one true prophet was stronger than a host of idolaters, and where he saw the cloud no bigger than a man’s hand rise from the waters in answer to his prayer. The music of Mendelssohn, glorious as it is, can hardly make more splendidly dramatic the Scripture narrative of that scene upon the mountain. All Israel gathered together around their king to witness the great trial between Baal and Jehovah; the four hundred and fifty against the sole remaining servant of God; the frantic cries of the bleeding priests, beseeching in vain, from morn till noon, and from noon to evening, a god who would not hear them; the calm mockery of their foe, taunting them with their fruitless prayers and agonies; the broken altar of God rebuilt, the trench round about it, the prayer of Elijah, the falling fire, the consuming sacrifice, and the swift, final catastrophe. How shall the voice of song add to the vividness of this picture?

Mount Carmel has also memories of the friend and successor of Elijah. When Elisha had received the mantle of the departing prophet, his first care was to visit the place where his spiritual father had loved to dwell; and here he seems for a time to have made his home. Hither the Shunamite woman came to implore his aid, that her dying son might live again; and from the mountain here he beheld her approaching, and sent Gehazi his servant to inquire if it were “well with the child.” In the monkish tra-

dition, the same grotto is kept as the retreat of either prophet; and there are still prayers at morning and evening on the spot where Elijah and Elisha looked off upon the sea.

We read, too, of Mount Carmel in the first and the last chapter of the song of Amos upon the desolation of Israel. The inspired herdsman of Judah exults in telling how the top of the fertile mountain shall wither when the Lord shall "roar from Zion, and utter his voice from Jerusalem;" how even the thick woods of that summit shall not hide the rebellious people from Jehovah's vengeance, nor the depths of the sea below from his sure destruction. It has association, too, with classic history. On this mountain stood that city Ecbatana of Syria, where, as Herodotus tells it, the great Cambyses died in fulfilment of prophetic warning; a city which Strabo and Pliny, and Josephus, in his story of the cunning of the prefect Varus, all mention. In monastic and mediæval history, the tales of pilgrimage and crusading, Carmel bears an important part. But all the traditions which belong to it, all the battles around its base by land and sea, all the stories which are told of its beauties and its terrors, of hyenas in its woods and ghosts in its grottoes, must yield in interest to the surer legend which joins it to the name of Elijah.

The promontory of Mount Carmel lies about midway on the Mediterranean coast between Beyrout and Gaza, and about seventy miles north-west of Jerusalem. It finishes that lofty range of hills which extend from the Gulf of Akaba, across the land of Edom, through Judea and Samaria. The particular hill which bears the name of Carmel is a long, narrow ridge, about ten miles in length, and perhaps half a mile in breadth, on its summit plateau. On its western side it is washed by the sea for a considerable portion of its length; and then its rocky and steep crags are pierced by a great number of grottoes, the origin and use of which are alike uncertain. The eastern side, which comes down to the bed of the Kishon and the plain of Esdrelon, though hardly more gentle in its slope than the western, is richly wooded, and abundantly watered. The northern end juts out boldly, crowned on its farthest point by the convent, which is the only conspicuous building on the whole summit of the mountain. This promontory makes a breakwater and protection for the port of Caiffa, which lies just beneath, and has a growing commercial importance. The greatest height of the mountain is about twelve

hundred feet above the sea, though its isolated and prominent position makes it seem much higher. Very little of its surface is cultivated; and no region south of the Lebanon is more stocked with varieties of wild birds and animals. Here the wild boar may be hunted; gazelles are in abundance; and there are haunts of panthers and hyenas, which the Arabs carefully avoid. No sheep are left by night outside the fold; and even the goats here are restrained from their wandering. It is not easy to find a guide to the traditional spot of Elijah's miraculous sacrifice.

All travellers consent to praise the delightful hospitality and the singular beauty of position of the Convent of Mar Elias. From the earliest period of anchorite life, hermits sought here a secluded retreat; and a reasonable conjecture finds their cells in some of these thousand caverns which look out upon the sea. It is likely enough that the Jewish sect of the Essenes here had their places of assembling, and that Jesus here first made acquaintance with them. The hermit-cells became in the year 1180 a regular convent, visited by travellers and pilgrims, as well on account of its connection with the places of Elijah's sojourn, as on account of the exceeding austerities of the recluses. Admiration of these austerities roused imitation. Unconsciously these Palestine monks became propagators of a new monastic order; and, before the end of the thirteenth century, the name of Carmelite designated the strictest class of ascetics in Italy, France, and Spain; was nobly represented in the Romish calendar; and had its code of rules known and admired in all the church. Albert, Patriarch of Jerusalem, gave, in 1205, the book of discipline to the new order. As the fame of the order grew, gifts came back to its foundation-house. The small enclosure of its first cloisters was enlarged; and, about the year 1300, a stately house was built over the cell of Elijah, which remained for five centuries a chief shrine of Palestine. Saints multiplied; and from time to time enthusiasts rising prevented this order from sharing the decay of the other monastic orders. In the sixteenth century, the splendid sanctity of the Spanish virgin Theresa illustrated beyond all precedent the Carmelite name; and now the nuns, who would separate themselves most closely to mystic contemplation of the glories of heaven, adopt the reformed Carmelite order which Theresa founded. There is a convent of this order in the city of Baltimore.



The old convent, which had stood for five centuries unprofaned, was at last prepared for desolation by the use which was made of it in Napoleon's Syrian campaign. It became first a barrack, and then a hospital. The wounded were brought from Acre, to recover in this airy and retired spot. But the Turks, after the French had departed, took advantage of this profanation, to dismantle a place which might so easily be changed to a retreat and a castle. The church they destroyed, carried off the treasure, and only left some very indifferent ornaments in the grotto of Elijah, whose memory they respected; for Elijah, like other Hebrew prophets, is a Moslem not less than a Christian saint. Nearly thirty years the convent remained a ruin, visited only by chance travellers and a few zealous Catholic pilgrims. But, about twenty-five years ago, one of these pilgrims was moved to vow upon the spot that he would restore there the house of God, and so expiate nobly the sins which his burdened conscience had not been able to shake off. Like another Peter the Hermit, he travelled over Europe, soliciting, in the cottages of peasants and in the palaces of kings, gifts for his pious enterprise, — never discouraged, never wearied, — till at the end of fourteen years he was able to see his vow accomplished, and to dedicate the spacious walls of this religious fortress to charity and prayer. The well-ordered and beautiful cells, chambers, corridors, and chapel, remind one of the convents of Tuscany and the Tyrol; and no brother can be more honored by the grace and fitness of his work than the zealous Fra Battista by the new convent of Mount Carmel, of which he was the chief apostle. His portrait deserves to be placed with that of Theresa, which adorns the corridor, and his name on a companion tablet to that by the doorway of the church which records the generous gifts of the nobility of Naples.

There are at present fifteen monks in the convent. The rules of the order are so rigid that most of their time is spent in perfect retirement; and except the amiable Fra Clementi, whose charge it is to receive guests and give them the convent cheer, they seem all to be all occupied in affairs of religion. Their diet is spare; they eat no meat at any time; though they will set before their guests, on any days but fast-days, the best fare of the mountain. Huge dogs, like those at the convents of the Swiss mountains, greet the visitor as he passes the doorway; and chambers, sumptuously furnished, invite him to a rest nowhere else to be found in the East.

For the poorer pilgrims, a separate house is built. The freshness of the hammered stone, the neatness of the court-yards, the solidity of the structures, the tall flag-staff, and the high watch-tower above the dome, give to the whole a castellated appearance, which it does not lose even when minutely surveyed.

The high altar of the church is built directly over the Grotto of Elijah. Above it rises a massive vault, lighted from the top. The pavement is of tessellated marble, and the walls are painted in imitation of marble. A few tolerable pictures adorn the sanctuary. But one will prefer to curtail the examination of Elijah's grotto, and behold from the roof of the convent the glorious and unrivalled sunset-view. Looking off from that elevated point, nearly seven hundred feet above the sea, we could trace all the line of the coast from Cæsarea to the cape below Tyre, and discern the site of cities famous in earlier story than that of Elijah. At the foot of the ridge, on the south, is Tartoura, the ancient Dor, — that old city which the tribe of Manasseh could not conquer, though it was assigned to them by the Hebrew leader. Here, in the days of Solomon, Abinadab ruled, allied by his marriage to the house of the grand monarch. Here Antiochus besieged the rebel Tryphon, camping before the city with one hundred and twenty thousand men of war, and eight thousand horsemen, — assailing it continually, and vexing it by land and sea. Gabinius, the proconsul, thought it worth rebuilding. Now it is a wretched collection of hovels, without mosque, without walls, — only a single haunted tower, whose sole legend is its name of "Accursed."

Nearer, at a distance of some four or five miles, we saw the famous ruins of Athlete, seeming to rise from the waves. These are now a confused mass of walls, arches, and fragments, baffling all but a poet's imagination, which, using their romantic name of Castel Pellegrino, can create for them a tender and touching history. This is still a wild and dangerous neighborhood. Bedouins from the desert make it their halting-place; robbers lurk in the innumerable caves; vultures sit lazily on the points of the rocks or the ruins, waiting for some new prey; and, though the ruins are garlanded by vines and the crevices are bright with blossoms, the aspect of the whole is sad and desolate. The name of the valley beyond, "Wady el Ajal," — Valley of Death, — is appropriate to its present solitude, and to the tombs which line it and look down upon it. Few travellers linger there. The Arabs have dismal

reports of evil men and evil spirits who hide in these black caverns; and no money can hire them to show the way beyond the openings. Who shall tell of this city, — by whom it was founded, by whom destroyed?

Opposite to the promontory, across a spacious and beautiful bay, flecked by the white sails of some half-dozen small vessels, we saw the gray walls of Acre, celebrated for so many ages in the history of siege and conquest, and still the chief fortress of Southern Syria. Here, in the days of Joshua, the tribe of Asher strove in vain to reduce the Canaanites to submission; here the first Ptolemy left his name to a flourishing city; here Paul, journeying to Jerusalem, stopped to salute his brethren, and abode with them a day, — a day filled, we may believe, with strange narratives of his adventures in foreign lands, and cheering tidings of the progress of the gospel. Six hundred years after the death of Christ, the Caliph Omar planted on its wall the green banner of the prophet. In six centuries more, the Christian host, of which Richard the Lion-hearted was leader, planted before it the standard of the cross; and, six centuries later, another greater leader surveyed from "Richard's Mount" the town which must be destroyed from his pathway. Bloody was the long struggle here between the knights of St. John and their Turkish enemies; bloodier still the butcheries of that renegade, who made the name of the city of "Djezzar" terrible to every prince of the mountains, — to every wealthy or virtuous man in all the region of Palestine. His name is infamous still on the lips of Arab mothers; and not all that he did to strengthen and enlarge the city, to crush the hated Jews, and pillage the insolent Christians, could reconcile the people to the cruelties of his tyranny. His life was a series of hideous crimes; and his dying act was to drown the governors, whom he had allured by treacherous promises into his deadly clutch. Another than Djezzar might have been honored for successfully resisting the armies of France led by Napoleon; but for such as he there was no honor.

Not the least remarkable of the many sieges of Acre is that which is yet recent in our recollections, — when the cannons of the English fleet for hours rained bombs and balls upon the devoted city, till the exploding magazine finished the terrible sport. The marks of that day's work are everywhere visible. Chasms in the streets point out the pathway of the missiles; and, in the

shops, fragments of iron shells are used to weigh the corn and fruit. The fallen walls have been rebuilt, but not in their ancient massive proportions. The force of this fortress is but the shadow of what it was in the former day. The streets are narrow and dull, and covered from the sun, but not thronged by the crowds which once made them their commercial mart. Acre is now a mere military station; and its people are only the appendage of the Turkish garrison, which waits there in perpetual indolence. A few Jews still manage the money exchanges. A few hundred Christians of the Greek rite continue the scanty traffic of foreign productions. The Latin monks have a convent, which fixes the place where Paul abode. The Moslems come to visit the mosque which illustrates the magnificence of the ruler whom they hated. Cypresses grow around the palace; and five arcades, with latticed balconies, make light and airy the spacious court of the ancient khan. Consuls of the European nations dwell here, to attend to a business reduced now to the smallest compass. The houses of all the better class are of stone, and would be pleasant to look upon but for the rubbish which surrounds them. Of interesting ruins, there are almost none remaining, — none of the Crusading or Saracen ages; and of the Hebrew city, only broken columns, and blocks woven into the modern walls. Once they showed where King Richard lived; but now this site is lost. Few of the inhabitants have any knowledge of the history of a place so famous for so many ages.

The old port of Acre is just before the town. Fragments of the ancient work still appear above the waves; but in many parts the sea breaks over it. It is only a false protection against the force of the sea; and the rotting wrecks which lie all along the beach prove how little this defence is to be trusted. These wrecks have been aptly compared to gravestones, and where their spars and cordage are not gone, seen at a little distance, resemble the stones of a cemetery. They are left to their own decay; only the sea birds visit them. The vessels of the coast now stand in to the sheltered side of the bay, and anchor before the town of Caiffa, whose traffic is as brisk as that of Acre is dull. Always a few of these, with their odd crossed yards and their pointed sterns, may be seen rocking in the roadstead there. A fine long beach, some twelve miles in circuit, surrounds the bay on the southern and eastern side, and connects Caiffa and Acre. Here the Be-

douins delight to show their horsemanship. By contrast, rather than by resemblance, the Bay of Acre reminds one of the Bay of Naples. Nature has made one hardly less striking in form and surroundings than the other; but associations and culture have infinitely separated them.

Beyond Acre, the promontory called the "Ladder of Tyre" bounds the view to the northward. Beyond Tartoura, to the southward, the place of Cæsarea is seen, but too distantly for the eye to discern objects. A few hundred feet below the convent, the curious may visit a grotto in the rock which the monks call the "Cave of the Prophets," where Obadiah hid a hundred of the prophets, and fed them with bread and water, when idolatrous Jezebel was destroying from Israel the prophets of Jehovah. You may pick, too, the stones in the neighboring field which counterfeit fruits so well, and hear the pleasant story of Elijah and the Israelite which has been added to the Scripture-life of the prophet, — how the churlish answer of the gardener, to the tired old man asking for fruit, was made a reality, and the olives and melons remained stone ever after. It is pious to gather these stones from the sacred field, and it will raise you in the esteem of the servitors of the convent. But the chief of the convent is a thoughtful more than a superstitious man. He joined us as we stood upon the terraced roof looking off upon the setting sun, and the vast, quiet waters. We talked there of spiritual truths, and not of puerile legends. He spoke of the serene joy of his quiet, contemplative life, and the communion of saints which he had in his solitude. He explained to us that symbol of the flaming heart which he wore upon his breast. He expressed no longing to see or hear the affairs of the busy world in which he had once been an actor, but had learned now to value at their proper worth. A life that was close with God was enough for him. His prayer-book was in his hand; and, as the bright disk went down beneath the waves, we noticed that he went apart to repeat alone that office enjoined by the reformer of his order, — resigning himself as a helpless child into the arms of a loving God, whose watch over him the darkness of the night should not hide. With the first break of day, he was there again to welcome the return of morning.

C. H. B.

## THE CALL.

THY night is dark: behold, the shade was deeper  
 In the old garden of Gethsemane,  
 When that calm voice awoke the weary sleeper, —  
 “Couldst thou not watch one hour alone with me?”

O thou, so weary of thy self-denials,  
 And so impatient of thy little cross,  
 Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,  
 To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou *always* suffer tribulation,  
 And if thy Christian warfare *never* cease:  
 The gaining of the quiet habitation  
 Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely  
 The path that Jesus once himself hath gone:  
 Watch thou in patience through this dark hour only, —  
 This one dark hour, — before the eternal dawn.

The captive's oar may pause upon the galley,  
 The soldier sleep beneath his plumed crest,  
 And Peace may fold her wing o'er hill and valley;  
 But thou, O Christian, must not take thy rest.

Thou must walk on, however man upbraid thee,  
 With Him who trod the wine-press all alone:  
 Thou wilt not find one human hand to aid thee, —  
 One human soul to comprehend thine own.

Heed not the images for ever thronging  
 From out the foregone life thou liv'st no more:  
 Faint-hearted mariner! still art thou longing  
 For the dim line of the receding shore.

Wilt thou find rest of soul in thy returning  
 To that old path thou hast so vainly trod?  
 Hast thou forgotten all thy weary yearning  
 To walk among the children of thy God, —

Faithful and stedfast in their consecration,  
Living by that high faith to thee so dim,  
Declaring before God their dedication,  
So far from thee, because so near to him ?

Canst thou forget thy Christian superscription, —  
“ Behold, we count them happy which endure ” ?  
What treasure wouldst thou, in the land Egyptian,  
Repass the stormy water to secure ?

Poor wandering soul ! I know that thou art seeking  
Some easier way, as all have sought before,  
To silence the reproachful inward speaking, —  
Some landward path unto an island shore.

The cross is heavy in thy human measure, —  
The way too narrow for thine inward pride ;  
Thou canst not lay thine intellectual treasure  
At the low footstool of the Crucified.

Oh that thy faithless soul, one great hour only,  
Would comprehend the Christian's perfect life, —  
Despised with Jesus, sorrowful and lonely,  
Yet calmly looking upward in its strife.

For poverty and self-renunciation,  
The Father yieldeth back a thousand-fold :  
In the calm stillness of regeneration  
Cometh a joy we never knew of old.

In meek obedience to the heavenly Teacher,  
Thy weary soul can find its only peace ;  
Seeking no aid from any human creature, —  
Looking to God alone for his release.

And he will come in his own time and power  
To set his earnest-hearted children free :  
Watch only through this dark and painful hour,  
And the bright morning yet will break for thee.

*Selected.*



## THE MISSIONARY'S BRIDAL.

It was upon one of those mild, hopeful days in spring, after a week of much rain, and more cloud, that I joined a friend in a walk to the "Falls." The stream had become greatly swollen, and glided with rapid speed through the woodland glen,—over the mill-dam, among the sunny meadows, and over moss-covered stones, "with endless laughter," calling forth every lover of the beautiful to view the novel spectacle.

How the joyous waters came rushing down from the wood-crowned hill-side, clapping their white hands, and laughing in merry peals at the grim visages of the stony sentinels as they stood unmoved amid the uproar! One moment the waves caressed them, and the next danced away, finding no response from their cold hearts,—hoping to gain it from the green-clad islands below.

There was to me a perfect fascination about the scene. Once we went out upon the rocks not wholly submerged, and there stood in the very midst of the foaming waters; then, returning to the bridge, we watched their rapid motion beneath.

My companion, though usually a great admirer of Nature, at this time "had many thoughts in his heart," as he was soon to leave home and country for a far-off clime: so I forgave him his seeming indifference to the scene, and was the first to propose a return.

In a few days, a ship, bound for

"India's coral strand,"

was to bear him and his young bride from many friends to missionary ground; and upon the following sabbath his marriage was to take place.

At an early hour the little church was filled. Isabella Clary had been a great favorite in town; and many wished to witness the ceremony. There were the silver-locked grandfather, and the prattler of a few summers; the busy, care-worn farmer, and the rosy-faced schoolgirl. Who would venture to describe the thoughts and feelings of that waiting assembly?

The shadows of twilight crept in through the open windows before the sermon (short as it was) was ended. The beautiful and appropriate hymn, composed for the occasion by a sister of the bride-elect, had been sung, when the congregation sat motionless, awaiting the coming of the wedding party. A silent awe

seemed spread over the whole church. Each was impressed with the solemnity of the act about to be performed; and many a prayer went upward from sincere hearts for those who early in life were "forsaking all," to follow in the steps of their Master.

At length there was a movement in the porch, and the party entered. Clad in garments of white, Isabella and her sister stood before the communion-table; while the serious faces of the young missionaries told of the sincerity of their purposes, and the interest they felt in the self-sacrificing life they had chosen. Would that no one might die without having felt, at least for once, what it is to be near to God,—to belong to Christ, and to his church on earth!

In the presence of many witnesses, the few short words were spoken which unite for life hearts pledged together in secret; and, as the shadows deepened and the stars peeped out from behind them, those whom "God had joined together" returned to the *old home*, where were assembling a few friends to offer the usual congratulations.

Years have passed since that sabbath-marriage. The green grass waves over the sleeping head of Isabella, while the bird sings at evening her plaintive song in the branches above. Until cold in death, she did with her might whatsoever her hands found to do; and when his dark shadow rested on her brow (the token of a spirit gone), and her lips could no longer move in accents of love, wisdom, or sympathy, that very silence proclaimed what it is "life to remember, and death to forget." Her last words were these: "When thou passest through the waters, *I* will be with thee; my rod and my staff shall comfort thee. How can I fear the dark valley, made light by *such* promises?"

The bereaved partner of this loved and sainted one did not relinquish his post because God had smitten him; but, girding himself up in the strength of the Lord, he went forward in the blessed work he had chosen, and still lives to enlighten the ignorant, save those ready to perish, and spread the pure gospel of peace and salvation.

"The passion and the strife of time  
Can never reach the sinless clime  
Where the redeemed spirits dwell.  
Why should we weep that thou art free,  
Sainted and loved? Farewell!"

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## THE LAW OF KINDNESS.

ON the banks of the Hudson nestled a beautiful white cottage, with its green blinds, forming an object on which the eye might rest with pleasure. The little trellis which overarched the front door was wreathed with honeysuckles and prairie-roses, blending lovingly together. A gravelled walk led down to the gate, which opened upon the street. On either side of the gate grew two immense lilac-bushes, the growth of many years, from which the fresh western breeze swept a delicious perfume into the open windows of the little cottage. The poets sing of roses; but give me, despite its unromantic name and confessed homeliness, the humble lilac. To me it speaks far more expressively of home, and recalls more vividly scenes hallowed by recollection.

As the crowded steamboats swept down the noble stream at frequent intervals, many an admiring eye sought the little cottage; and many a man, upon whom the burden of business pressed heavily, said to himself, "By and by, when I have made enough to retire upon, in such a paradise would it be my delight to dwell, surrounded by such rural scenes, where I might arise in the early morning to hear the birds singing at my window-panes."

There is a vein of poetry running through every nature, however seemingly prosaic; but many times it is completely overpowered by the practical and the useful, and dies away in aspirations. Enough to retire upon! It is an indefinite term, capable of the largest expansion, and with an ever-receding boundary. So it generally happens, that when the fifty thousand dollars, at first stipulated, are attained, the limit of desire is pushed forward to one hundred, and that again to two hundred; till at length, amid the turmoil of business and the eager pursuit of gain, the man dies, with the desire of his lifetime still unattained.

But it is time that we speak more particularly of the inmates of the cottage.

Any one could see with half an eye, that, if not the abode of opulence, it was at least the home of refinement and taste.

Mrs. Leslie, the owner and occupant, was attached to it by no common ties of affection. There first, as the dwelling of her parents, her eyes had opened to the light; from thence, with the

bridal wreath upon her brow, she had gone forth with the chosen companion of her life; thither, ere the lapse of scarce a twelvemonth, she had returned to close in quick succession the eyes of her parents, who, joined in life, were not separated by death; and there, from that time forth, she had taken up her abode. Two children, a boy and girl, had sprung up by the cottage-hearth, to make merry the house with their childish voices; and from thence, after fifteen years of married life, a funeral train stole sadly forth, bearing the chosen of her heart to his last resting-place in the quiet cemetery behind the village-church.

Surely Mrs. Leslie had no common love for the beautiful cottage, and no common cause for cherishing it.

There are in all hearts springs of emotion, though they lie deep, and by the casual observer may remain quite unknown. It was so with Mrs. Leslie. Her manner was neither attractive nor winning; her face was grave, quiet, and composed, — not at all one to enlist the confidence of childhood, or shed a smile upon its pathway. Faithful and devoted to her children, she would have made great sacrifices to insure their welfare. No doubt she loved them, — she that does not love her children must be less than woman; but it was in her own quiet, unimpassioned way. The composed gravity of her demeanor unconsciously repelled the tendrils of childish affection which were ready to climb about the parent trunk; and Albert and Mary, though they loved their mother, loved her with a distant and respectful love, such as seems altogether out of place between parent and child.

Mrs. Leslie's means, though sufficient to insure her a comfortable subsistence, were limited. It was for this reason, perhaps, that, at the age of fifteen, Albert, much against his will, was taken from school, and placed with an apothecary in a neighboring town. He overcame his awe of his mother so far as to remonstrate with her; but she silenced all opposition in a quiet but imperative manner, and bade him prepare for the position she had secured for him.

Albert's mind was of a poetical cast. He cherished an intense and earnest love for the beautiful in its every form; and nothing would have suited him better than to become an artist. There was that in him — a premonition of genius which rarely deceives itself — which assured him that he might attain to eminence in this, his favorite pursuit. But the will of his mother was a law

as irrevocable as those of the Medes and Persians; and, with a heart choked with disappointment, he turned away from his cherished dreams to stand behind an apothecary's counter, dealing out medicines and pills, the very sight of which was nauseous to him.

It was with a heavy heart that Mary, between whom and Albert there had existed an affection stronger than usually subsists between brother and sister, bade him farewell. Doubtless this was in part the result of their being by themselves, and so more dependent upon each other for society and enjoyment. To Mary, Albert had always confided all his dreams and plans for the future; and, in his childish visions, Mary was always to participate in the prosperity which he confidently hoped for. But these dreams were now all dissipated, — these plans were all broken in upon; and henceforth they must mourn in silence and in vain.

## II.

The long shadows of a June afternoon rested upon the little garden in front of the cottage.

Mrs. Leslie sat at the window, busily engaged in knitting; while Mary sat upon a cricket at her feet, looking with listless eyes at the pictures in an annual. Poor girl! She missed Albert not a little; and he had now been gone four weeks. Her mother's disposition was not a social one; and she met with little sympathy in her childish plans and desires from her.

In the corner sat a respectable tabby-cat. I should say reclined; for she had settled herself for a comfortable nap. I don't know what Mary would have done without her. Except when she was sleepy, and that was not generally more than two-thirds of the time, puss relished nothing better than a romp with Mary. The latter, out of regard for her four-footed companion, usually carried on this game out of her mother's presence; otherwise puss would probably have been sentenced to "durance vile" in the coal-cellar by Mrs. Leslie, who was fond of quiet, and who did not cherish sufficient affection for the cat to tempt her to "season mercy with justice."

Before puss had fairly got to nodding, her slumbers and Mrs. Leslie's knitting were interrupted by the ringing of the bell.

"You may go to the door, Mary," said her mother, looking up, "and see who it is."

It proved to be Mr. Conrad, a neighbor. He declined entering, saying,—

"I was passing by the post-office just as the mail came in; and, seeing a letter for you, I thought I would bring it along."

"Thank you, Mr. Conrad," said Mary. "It is a great favor; for, now that Albert is not at home to go to the office, it might have remained for some time without our knowing of it. Perhaps," she continued hopefully, "this may be from him."

A glance at the handwriting dissipated this hope. It was in an unknown hand.

The widow took it from Mary's hand, and commenced reading it. As she read, first a look of surprise, which was soon succeeded by a frown, came over her face.

"What is it, mother? Bad news?" asked Mary anxiously.

"It is about Albert. He has been disgracing himself and us; and now he has been turned off."

"I am sure there is some mistake," said Mary eagerly, taking up the defence of her favorite brother. "I am sure Albert would not do any thing wrong intentionally."

"You don't know what you are talking about, child," said Mrs. Leslie in a harsh tone. "Listen while I read you an account of how excellently your brother is doing his duty."

She took up the letter which had fallen into her lap, and read as follows:—

"Dear Madam,—It is with great pain that I find myself compelled to discharge your son Albert from my employment. The four weeks' trial which I have given him have satisfied me that he is not fitted for his post. In the first place, he is not apt at learning the duties of his post, and most of the time his mind is engaged with something else; so that he is constantly making blunders. As these were all of a trifling nature, I at first passed them by, thinking them the result of inexperience, and contented myself with admonishing him to do better in future.

"Yesterday, however, a customer coming in for some simple medicine for a sick child, I directed him to wait upon her. Feeling a little apprehensive that all might not be right, I took the precaution to examine the vial before it was carried away, and discovered, to my horror, that the heedless boy had filled it with laudanum instead of the medicine required. But for my apprehension, and consequent examination, the laudanum would un-

doubtedly have been administered to the child, and death have been the result.

"This occurrence has satisfied me that it is not consistent with a due regard for the safety of my customers to continue Albert longer in my employ. I should be constantly kept in a state of anxiety by the fear of a similar casualty.

"I regret this; for in other respects I have found Albert a pleasant, well-dispositioned boy; and if I were in a different occupation, where a slight mistake was not liable to be followed by such serious results, I should not wish to part with him.

"Your obedient servant,

JOHN PESTLE."

Mary listened attentively while her mother read, and was about to palliate Albert's fault, so far as she could, when the front door opened, steps were heard in the entry, and Albert entered the room.

One look at his mother's stern face, and the letter which she held in her hand, told him the whole. He sank into a chair, and said, in a deprecating tone,—

"You have heard of it, then?"

"Yes, degenerate boy!" said she with severity; "I have heard of it. Are you not ashamed to enter your mother's house, after bringing disgrace upon her name and yours?"

"It was a mistake, mother," said he in a low voice.

"A mistake which you had no right to make,—a mistake which you never would have made, if you had been properly attending to your business. Besides, it is only one of a great many which your wilful carelessness has led you into."

"Don't say wilful, mother," said Albert. "I know I have made mistakes,—that I have discharged my duties but poorly; and I do not blame Mr. Pestle for discharging me. But, believe me, it was unintentional. I tried to do well; but somehow, when I was in the shop, my mind would wander away to the green fields and pleasant streams, and I would long to get away from the smoky and dusty city; and so every thing about me seemed unreal, and I went about my duties in a maze; for my mind was far off, and I could not recall it. And that, I suppose, is the reason why I made so many mistakes."

An expression of contempt came over Mrs. Leslie's face.

"This is all very fine," said she,— "this excuse which you



have studied up, and committed to memory; but it will not answer the purpose. How do I know that these mistakes were not, part of them at least, committed purposely, in order to insure your discharge, so that you might be at liberty to return home and live in idleness?"

"Mother," said he, with a degree of spirit, which, from one usually so subordinate, struck his mother with momentary surprise, — "mother, I trust you will never find so harsh and unjust a judge as you are to your own son."

"Albert," said Mrs. Leslie, as the flush rose to her brow, "it is not enough that you have neglected your duty, and by your carelessness nearly killed a fellow-creature: you have added to the rest an insult to your mother. Go up to your room immediately, and in solitude think over your faults."

"But, mother," pleaded Mary, "he has walked a long distance, and has eaten nothing."

"Very well; I will send up some supper," said Mrs. Leslie, resuming her knitting.

"You need not trouble yourself about it," said Albert. "Such a welcome as you have given me is not likely to improve my appetite. For you, Mary, I thank you. You, at least, are kind and considerate. You need not order up supper."

The last sentence was addressed to his mother.

"Very well," said she composedly; "as you like. You may take a lamp and match with you. I shall not expect to see you till to-morrow."

The boy silently took his leave, and walked up the staircase with a slow, unelastic step.

And this was Albert Leslie's welcome home!

### III.

Albert appeared at the breakfast-table the next morning. He was silent and grave. No words, save those required by the common courtesies of the table, passed between him and his mother.

"Albert," said his mother after breakfast, "here is a note which I wish you to carry to Mr. Tighe."

"Very well," said he. And he glanced at his mother's face, as if to mark some indication of returning favor; but all was quiet and unimpassioned, and he turned away with a sigh.

Mr. Tighe was a shoemaker, and had a shop at a little distance. It took Albert but a few minutes to reach the shop, and place the note in his hands.

"All right," said the latter, as he finished reading the note. "You may tell your mother I will call up this afternoon. You don't happen to know what she wants to see me about, do you?"

Albert replied in the negative.

Mr. Tighe and Mrs. Leslie were closeted together for a considerable time in the afternoon. When the conference was concluded, the former, as he passed out of the gate, — beside which Albert was engaged in preparing a garden-bed for his sister to plant with flower-seeds, — looked at him with a meaning smile, and said, —

"It seems, my lad, we are likely to become better acquainted in future."

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Albert in surprise.

"Oh! you don't know? Very well, you will learn soon enough."

A feeling of apprehension came over Albert; and, discontinuing his work immediately, he went into the house, and, standing before his mother, said, —

"Mother, what did Mr. Tighe mean when he just told me that we were likely to become better acquainted in future?"

"It means," said his mother composedly, not lifting her eyes from her work, "that you will go to work in his shop next Monday morning."

"Go to work in Mr. Tighe's shop!" ejaculated Albert.

"I said so," returned Mrs. Leslie calmly.

Albert turned on his heel, and left the room.

Half an hour later, Mary, who had sought him long in vain, found him reclining beside the wall behind the house, with his head buried in the grass, sobbing fitfully.

"What is the matter, Albert?" asked she in concern.

"Then you don't know that mother has apprenticed me to Mr. Tighe, and that I am expected to commence work in his shop next Monday morning?"

"Is it possible?" asked Mary in dismay.

"She told me so herself."

"At least," said Mary after a pause, desirous of offering some consolation, "you will still be with us. It will be better than before, in that respect."

"Mary," said the boy, who had now acquired a degree of calmness, — "Mary, it is not the labor, though that will be hard, that I care for. God knows I would work patiently, and without a thought of complaining, if some regard were paid to my own wishes in the choice of an employment. I was never made for an apothecary or a shoemaker; I know that well enough; and, if I tried to succeed in either, I should still fail. To be an artist, is my first and highest wish. I feel within myself," and the boy's eye flashed with conscious power, — "I feel within myself that I should not fail in that. If mother were less determined upon having her own way" —

"Don't say that, Albert," interposed Mary gently.

"Yes, I will say it," returned the boy firmly, "not in anger, but in sober truth: if she were less bent on humbling me, she would seek to carry out my wishes. But she will not; and now she has taken this last step as a means of showing her power."

Mary had never heard Albert speak thus; and she knew not what to say.

"But," said Albert, after a pause, "she will find that I have a will, and that I can resist injustice and oppression."

"What do you mean, Albert?"

"Mary," said he, "I don't mind telling you, since I know you will not betray me. I shall never go to work in that shop."

"What will you do, then?" asked Mary in amazement.

"I shall run away. Sister, don't speak, and I will tell you why. I must do it, if I would avoid the shop; and I cannot go into it. It would be misery every minute that I passed there. I am fifteen, and am willing to work. I shall go and seek instruction as an artist. I may have to wait a while first; I may have to work till I can earn money enough to obtain it; but I can work cheerfully with an end in view."

"Don't go, Albert," pleaded Mary; "I shall be so lonely!"

"It would be hard parting, Mary, my sister," said Albert, as he placed his hand caressingly on the brown hair of his sister; "but it would be best; and I shall return some day, perhaps as a great artist; and then will you not be glad that I went?"

With such words as these he soothed his sister, and reconciled her in a degree to his departure.

"I will write to you now and then, dear Mary; but you must not show the letters to mother," said Albert.

The next morning was arranged for the departure. When the first gray tints of morning overspread the sky, Albert passed out of the door, with a little bundle of clothes upon his shoulder. Beside him stood Mary, who had risen thus early to bid him farewell.

She slipped into his hand a gold eagle which had been given her by a relative, and which she had kept for years.

"I can't take that, Mary," said Albert, shaking his head; "but I thank you for the offer."

"Yes, take it," pleaded Mary: "you know you need not use it unless you need it. But, if you should, you must not hesitate. You can repay it, you know," she added, smiling through her tears, "when you have become a great artist; and I do not need it."

"That is true, Mary," said Albert gravely; "so I can. For your sake I will take it. And now, good by, dearest; and, in your thoughts by day and your prayers by night, do not forget the brother who dearly loves you."

He kissed her tenderly, and strode manfully away; while Mary, having followed him with tearful eyes as long as he was still in sight, entered the house sadly, and resumed her place in bed, lest her mother might detect her absence.

"Mary," said Mrs. Leslie, as they stood in the breakfast-room, "go up stairs and knock at Albert's door. He is too fond of his bed."

Though well knowing that this was a useless task, Mary went up as directed, and took from the table, by Albert's direction, a note which was addressed to his mother.

"He is not there," said she, coming down again; "but here is a note which I found on the table."

Mrs. Leslie seized it hastily. It was as follows:—

"Mother, — You have thwarted my wishes, reproached me where I did not deserve it, and have just made an arrangement which you well know would only render me more unhappy. I cannot stay here; and I have no reason to think that my going will cause any regret to you. It may be that some day I shall return, and convince you that I am right. Till then, farewell!

"ALBERT."

"Rash, disobedient boy!" said the widow, crushing the paper in her hand, and throwing it into the grate. "Bitterly will he lament his folly. But let him go. He will soon return."

"Mary," she continued, fixing her piercing eyes on Mary, who cast hers down in confusion; "did you know any thing of this?"

"Forgive me, mother: I did," was the answer.

"And perhaps you intend to follow the example of your precious brother, and leave me childless, though my children still live? You are at liberty to go. I shall interpose no obstacle."

"O mother!"

It was all that Mary could say. She burst into tears, and left the room.

Henceforth Mrs. Leslie made no inquiries after Albert; though she must have known, from sometimes surprising Mary poring intently over a written sheet, that she received tidings of the wanderer. She never even mentioned his name; but sometimes she would drop her work, and indulge in a fit of abstraction, — a thing to which she had never before yielded.

Mary could not help fancying that at such times she was thinking of Albert.

#### IV.

When Albert left home, in the gray of the morning, it was with the intention of seeking New York; for he well knew that in a great city he should be more likely to carry out the plans which he had formed.

Honeysuckle Cottage, though situated in a rural village, was not far distant from the great metropolis. Albert reached it towards the middle of the afternoon. He might have done so sooner; but he had stopped frequently to rest. In one case, when passing by a small schoolhouse, where the boys were out at recess, playing ball, he had mingled in the game till the warning school-bell summoned them to their studies.

He at once proceeded to a respectable hotel, where, though every thing was well served, the prices were only about half those at the first-class houses. It was necessary for Albert to husband his money; for, with the pocket-piece which his sister gave him, and which he did not mean to spend unless absolutely compelled to do so, he had but twenty dollars.

After breakfast, the next morning, he strolled out into the streets. They were full of hurrying multitudes, — waves of life sweeping tumultuously onward; but among them all there was

not one whose face looked familiar. Albert breathed freer as he perceived this; for he was not certain but his mother might send in pursuit of him.

He passed a painter's studio. It was by accident that he became aware of the fact; but, when he did, he resolved to enter, not with any definite purpose in view, but because he could not resist the impulse.

Around the apartment were hung several fine pictures, on which Albert would have been glad to gaze; but the eyes of the painter were fixed upon him, and it was necessary for him to say something.

"What is your price for instruction in your art?" he inquired.

"One hundred dollars as entrance fee," was the reply. "What it may be afterwards, depends upon circumstances. I never take a pupil, at any price, unless he manifests a decided taste for the profession."

Albert made no further inquiries. His heart sank at the thought of how far distant he was from the goal of his ambition. He had taken the first step in abandoning his home; but it would require a long time spent in an uncongenial employment before he would have the means of pursuing his favorite studies.

In the afternoon, Albert, having nothing particular to occupy him, was led by curiosity to visit the Crystal Palace. He was the more desirous of doing so, because he had heard that the collection of works of art was unusually excellent, and he promised himself no little pleasure in witnessing them.

As he was entering the palace, he chanced to detect an adroit pickpocket in the act of picking the pocket of an old gentleman beside him. By a significant touch on the elbow, he called the gentleman's attention to the movement. The thief swiftly made his way into the midst of the crowd, and escaped arrest.

"I am much obliged to you, my young friend," said the old gentleman, looking at Albert with a very benevolent pair of eyes,—  
"I am much obliged to you for this opportune service you have rendered me. The fact is, my pocket-book, containing a large amount in bills, was in that pocket, and, but for you, would have been taken. Can't I do something to show my gratitude?"

"Your words, sir, repay me sufficiently," said Albert modestly.

The old gentleman was pleased with his reply.

"I am alone, and I perceive you are," said he. "Suppose we join forces. I always like company, especially where it is so agreeable, as I am convinced I shall find yours."

"Thank you," said Albert, "for your good opinion. Nothing would suit me better."

Together they went through several of the departments, mutually pleased with each other. Albert's boyish frankness pleased Mr. Armstrong, for so he introduced himself to Albert; while Albert was no less pleased with the good-natured familiarity of his companion.

"Where shall we go now?" said the latter, after they had traversed a considerable portion of the palace without visiting the art department.

Albert signified that he should like to go there.

"Oh! certainly," said Mr. Armstrong; "I forgot. So you have a taste for that, have you? Most boys, I believe, do not care much about it."

"And I care more for it than every thing else. Oh! if it were possible, I wish" —

Albert paused; for he did not know whether he had best expose to a stranger the great wish of his heart.

"Well," said Mr. Armstrong, "what is it you wish?"

"I was going to say, sir, that I wish to become an artist. I have always cherished the wish; and I believe, that, if it were possible that it could be gratified, I should be the happiest boy in the world."

"Then why don't you study the profession?"

"Because," said Albert, with some hesitation, "the expense is so great."

"How much?"

Albert named the sum which he had heard mentioned in the morning.

By this time they were surrounded by works of art. Albert looked around him with undisguised admiration. He had never before had an opportunity to feast his eyes in a similar manner. He could not repress an exclamation of delight.

Mr. Armstrong, who enjoyed the spectacle, but was not quite so enthusiastic as Albert, gazed upon him with a benevolent smile, and took pleasure in witnessing his joy.

By a few questions, skilfully put, he was convinced that Albert



was remarkably well qualified, for a boy of his age, to appreciate and enjoy the beauties which were scattered lavishly about him.

At length the examination was concluded, and Albert and his companion left the palace.

"Albert," said Mr. Armstrong as they parted, "I cannot reconcile myself to lose sight of you. There is my card. If you have nothing better to do, why won't you call and see me to-morrow morning, — say at ten o'clock? I have a few pictures of my own, which I should like to show you, if you wish it."

Albert very gratefully accepted the invitation, and turned away, rather more cheerful than he had been in the morning.

A glance at the card informed him that his companion's name was Henry Armstrong, and that he lived in No. 17, L—— Street.

V.

It will be readily believed that Albert did not neglect the appointment which he had made with Mr. Armstrong.

On reaching the street and number indicated, he found himself standing in front of a large and costly dwelling, which indicated extreme opulence on the part of the owner. So affable and unostentatious had been the old gentleman, that he was almost tempted to doubt whether he had not made a mistake.

But on the door-plate he read in large letters the name; and this re-assured him.

On ringing the bell, he was ushered into a handsomely furnished apartment, where he was soon joined by his companion of the day before.

"I am heartily glad to see you, my young friend," said he, extending his hand cordially. "I should have been extremely disappointed, had you forgotten your engagement."

After a few minutes' conversation, he ushered Albert into a neighboring room, where he had gathered a small, but choice, collection of paintings.

"I know," said he, "that it is an unfavorable time to display my little collection, after that which you beheld yesterday; yet I believe it will repay examination."

After a while, the two proceeded to the room into which Albert had first been introduced. Mr. Armstrong, by delicate inquiries,

found out Albert's story, — at least a part of it. Albert told him that he had come to New York for the purpose of pushing his fortune, and, if possible, of obtaining instruction in painting. But he frankly admitted that he was unable to bear the expense, and must seek employment of some other kind until he was enabled to do so.

"It is a pity," said Mr. Armstrong, musingly, "that one who has so strong a taste for art should be unable to gratify it. Suppose," he continued after a pause, "that you apply to some friend to furnish you the means."

"Ah! sir," said Albert, shaking his head, "I have none to whom I can apply."

"Are you sure? Suppose, for example, I should offer to take it upon myself."

"You, sir! But I have no claims upon you."

"You forget that you saved me from being robbed yesterday."

"But anybody would have done it."

"I don't know about that. At all events, the whim has seized me. I am a childless old man, with a large fortune, and no one to spend it on. Why should I not please myself by helping on a young gentleman who, I am very sure, would do credit to my discrimination? Come, if you know any sufficient reason, tell me."

"Ah! sir," faltered Albert, quite overcome with gratitude, "you are too kind. How could I ever repay you?"

"Too kind! Poh! there is no such thing; and, as to repaying me, I intend to look out for that. You shall repay me with your company; for I must have you come and live with me at once. But you must remember that I am an old bachelor, full of odd fancies, as irritable as can be imagined; and so you may expect to find me very cross and disagreeable sometimes."

Albert's smile showed that he had not the least confidence in the old gentleman's account of himself; and between ourselves, dear reader, he was right.

In the course of a day or two, Albert was installed at the house of Mr. Armstrong. It seemed to him a dream; and well it might. Less than a week before, he had entered the great city, wherein he had not a single friend, or even acquaintance; and now he was amply provided for. It was rather a curious circumstance that he entered, as a pupil, the very studio into which he had

gone to make inquiries on his arrival. The artist to whom it belonged was one of the most celebrated in the city.

Albert lost no time in communicating to Mary the tidings of his success. He wrote in a strain of joyful enthusiasm, which dissipated in a considerable measure the anxiety which she had first entertained. Let the following serve as a specimen:—

“You cannot conceive, dear Mary,” wrote Albert, “the almost perfect happiness with which I pursue my noble art. Here I feel at home, surrounded by all that can contribute to my happiness. Pardon me: there is one thing I still miss,—your gentle, sympathizing presence, dear Mary, so ready to cheer me in my despondency, and encourage me to yet higher efforts: *that* would indeed fill me with delight. But we cannot have all we would; and I feel, that, in the success which has thus far crowned my efforts, a success far beyond my brightest anticipations, in the uniform kindness of my patron, Mr. Armstrong, who has so generously charged himself with advancing my fortunes, notwithstanding I have no claim upon him; above all, in the consciousness that I am not throwing away the opportunities which he has procured for me, but am making rapid progress—at least so my instructor says—in the knowledge of my art. In all these things I feel that I am highly favored. Yet sometimes a memory of home—of you, dear Mary, and mother; why will she not let me love her, as I would do if she were more motherly?—comes over my heart, and draws tears from my eyes.

“Does mother ever mention my name, or show any signs of missing me? How gladly would I come home to pay you a visit, if she were reconciled!”

#### VI.

Albert had been in the studio six months. During that time, his progress had been unprecedentedly rapid. His instructor did not hesitate to say that he had never had a pupil whose promise was greater. At the end of this time, he had made arrangements to visit Italy for a season,—a land consecrated to art. He desired to take Albert with him, and had mentioned the subject to Mr. Armstrong. Though the latter had become so much attached to Albert, that he would have preferred, other things being equal, to have had him remain with him, he was too disinterested to stand in the way of what he knew would be for the latter's best good; and accordingly gave his consent.

The arrangements for this purpose were nearly completed, when Albert received from his sister a letter of the following import:—

“DEAR ALBERT, — It is with the greatest pain that I have to inform you of mother’s sickness. She was seized two days since, and now lies delirious. The physician does not think she will die; but, O Albert! it is dreadful to stand by her bedside, and hear her talking incoherently, and know that she does not recognize you. Come home, Albert; will you not? Let nothing detain you. I think that mother has felt that she was unjust to you since your departure. I know that she has missed you. She has not said any thing, to be sure; but sometimes, when I come into the room, I have seen her sitting quite idle, with the work fallen from her lap, and her eyes fixed on the floor. The other day, too, when I came unexpectedly into the room, she had in her hand an old cap of yours, on which she was looking sorrowfully. She quickly hid it, and I pretended not to see it. You know, Albert, that it is not her way to display any emotion, however strongly she may be affected by it.

“Come home, then, dear Albert. I long to have you here; and I know, that, while mother is so sick, you would be content nowhere else.

“MARY.”

Albert received this letter the day before he was about to sail. He at once carried it to Mr. Armstrong.

“You can do as you like, Albert,” said the latter, as he closed the letter.

“Then, sir,” said Albert, “much as I anticipated visiting Italy, and much as it would contribute to my advancement, I would rather give it up, at once and for ever, than go while my mother is in such a state.”

“You are right,” said Mr. Armstrong, grasping his hand; “and I honor you for what you have said. Get ready at once. You cannot go too quickly.”

Mary welcomed her brother with silent joy. She led him up into her mother’s chamber. He was sensibly affected by what he saw.

Henceforth he and Mary shared the task of watching at their mother’s bedside, and attending to her wants. This they did, with patient, unremitting assiduity, for three days, when the delirium left her:

At that moment, Mary was in attendance.

Mrs. Leslie looked about her in astonishment.

"Where am I? What has happened to me?" she asked, passing her hand across her brow. "What has made me so weak?"

"You have been sick, dear mother," answered Mary, "and have been delirious; but now I hope you will soon be yourself."

"How long have I been so?" asked Mrs. Leslie, in surprise.

"About a week."

"And you have attended me all the time? How weary you must have been, and how much trouble I must have been to you, my dear child!"

Mrs. Leslie spoke in a kinder voice than usual; and Mary was grateful for it.

"Dear mother, do not speak of its being a trouble. But I have not been alone. I have had some one to assist me."

"Who?" asked Mrs. Leslie, quickly.

Albert came forward, and, standing by his mother's bedside, said, "Forgive me, dear mother, if I have seemed unkind. I did not mean it."

"Freely, Albert," said his mother, with emotion. "But I had forgiven you before. I feel that I, too, have not been without blame; that I judged you too harshly, and" —

"Do not say more, dear mother," said Albert, joyfully. "You are not strong enough. To-morrow perhaps you will be able."

Mrs. Leslie soon recovered; and Albert, with her free consent, returned to his studies. When she learned the sacrifice which he had made on her account, she was profoundly impressed with it, and was more than ever awakened to the conviction that consideration and kindness are no less imperative duties on the part of the parent, than obedience and subordination on the part of the child.

Happy in his reconciliation with his mother, Albert is earnestly pursuing his studies. He will not lose wholly his visit to Italy; for it has been arranged that he shall do so after a prescribed course of study, when perhaps he will be able to make better use of its advantages than at present.

There is little need of pointing out a moral which so clearly suggests itself. Life, under circumstances however favorable, can never be entirely free from troubles and asperities, which mutual kindness and constant forbearance alone can soften and remove.

A. H.

## KATE A TEACHER.

(Continued from p. 32.)

KATE wondered why Helen had not written to her; and still more strange was the delay to remove the children, she thought, — word having been sent that Margey was very ill. “If they were not such good little things, what could Mrs. Gookin do with them? To be sure, we might take them off her hands, as mamma offered to do.”

On Monday afternoon there came to Mrs. Greenleaf's door a stranger, inquiring for Miss Kate. She came tripping down stairs, and, opening the door of the darkened best parlor, was struck with a sudden respect, amounting to timidity, by the first view of her visitor. It was not merely his uncommon height, and the imposing dignity of his attitude, so very erect and firm, yet courteous; nor his venerable white hair, long and abundant, encircling his head like a glory, and drawn together by a bow of black ribbon behind; nor the majestic arch of his polished forehead, furrowed with deep lines, and overshadowing the eyes. Her whole attention was at once fixed by the expression of his face, as he held out his hand to receive hers, announcing himself as Helen's grandfather. She felt her heart drawn to him at once by the unmistakable stamp of goodness and nobleness upon his hale countenance. She was full of enthusiastic confidence, mingled with a little awe, which prevented her saying any thing till he had fully explained the motives of his visit.

“They refuse,” said he, referring to the Gookins, “to let me repay, more than with grateful thanks, their kindness to my unhappy son, and their care of the children. They say they have done only what one neighbor should do for another. Very true. But I fain would do them some good in return. My heart swells when I think of my poor wanderer, — caught in the toils of wicked men, and struggling helpless in the snare they had laid for his unwary feet. The Lord was good to him, — sending a strong man to defeat the spoiler, and to raise the fallen.”

Kate's eyes were full of tears. She inquired after Helen, with some expressions of a tender regard for her.

“She shall tell you herself how it is with her now. The Lord

reward those who gave her help and cheer in her distresses ! May he bless them in their basket and their store, and yet more in the riches of his grace ! ”

“ I have been looking for a letter,” said Kate. “ I was anxious to hear, though I felt sure that all was well.”

“ I promised to give it into your own hand, and to tell you the hour of my return, inasmuch as there was reason to hope for a few words in answer from one who holds the ‘ pen of a ready writer,’ and has a kind heart.”

He desired she would not forget to send some information respecting one Nancy Truman, and also concerning Lucy Anne, a — a —

“ My other Sunday scholars ” —

“ To whom Helen meant to send her love ; but her hand was cramped before the half that was in her heart to write had been said. I shall call to-morrow morning, probably too early to see you.”

“ The sun never finds me in bed in summer,” said Kate. “ I know too well the value of the morning hours in hot weather. I shall be all ready to kiss the children, and bid them good-by. Good little things ! they are reasonable and obedient always.”

“ You did not know their mother, or you would not wonder at that.”

Mrs. Greenleaf had known her well ; which reminded Kate to call her mother, who could tell him some things he wished to find out. Helen had given him a list of the persons to whom debts had been incurred during her mother’s long decline. He had called on them ; but no one would make out a bill. The physician had known the case to be hopeless from the first ; and his visits had been those of a mere friend. The apothecary and the grocer, one and the same, was a neighbor, in the Gookins’ sense of the term, and had made no charge. The butcher had long ago rubbed out his chalk account, and could not charge his memory with so small an amount. The baker was pretty sure Hammond had paid for a certain barrel of flour that was heavy on Helen’s mind. Any how, he was the first man to discover and help to put out a fire in his bakery ; and the flour was nothing to speak of, after that.

Kate was pondering a suggestion she wished to make when the stranger should be ready to attend to her. In her busy thoughts about it, she became quite abstracted. She had put it into vari-



ous shapes, and condemned them all; when her attention was roused all at once by finding that the subject of conversation was the long estrangement of the father and son.

"It was my fault, madam; I fear it was, at least. I was too uncompromising. I wanted perfection. Some parents can never see any faults in the child they love. I was alive to the smallest defect, and impatient of it. I was always urging, guiding, and restraining him. He never acted himself enough to know what was in him. So, when he went from me, he was at the mercy of everybody that would lead him; and, when he had strayed, he remembered me only as a stern monitor, and kept out of my reach, poor boy! till trouble brought him home, like the prodigal son. We have both learned a lesson, he and I; and we are nearer to each other now, and happier in each other, than ever before. God be praised that he is safe under my roof once more! It shall not be my fault if he ever leaves the old homestead again."

He rose, and took his broad-brimmed hat. "Now," thought Kate, "I must speak, if at all." Yet she stood with her eyes cast down, and her thumb pressed against her teeth.

"I think over-anxious discipline is not the thing that spoils children in general," observed Mrs. Greenleaf.

"No, indeed!" cried Kate, eagerly. "Over-indulgence must be worse. Mr. Hammond, you were saying you would like to do Mr. Gookin a good turn. Will you allow me to suggest" —

"With all my heart, and thank you too."

"If little Margey recovers, as her having risen from a sick bed so many times makes me hope she will, I wish she could be taken back into the mountainous country for a change of air."

"Helen and I will come down for her. Your damp, chilly, fall weather, don't I know? — the river-fog creeping along the valley, and the heavy evening dews making every thing as dripping wet as after a rain. Helen's mother" —

"Their house was on meadow-land," observed Mrs. Greenleaf. "Kate, my dear, this neighborhood" —

"The truth is, dear mamma, I am not thinking so much about the change of climate, in fact; but" —

"The journey? It is rather far" —

"When Margey is able to assert her will, she will again do every thing she chooses; and the same causes which have made her ill will operate to retard or prevent her recovery. She will eat

whatever she prefers, sit up as late as she can keep her eyes open, and follow only her own caprices in every thing."

"Not without much passionate excitement, occasioned by fruitless opposition."

"To be in a well-regulated family, even a little while, might be a lasting benefit in more ways than one."

"The child loves Helen, and would be happy with her and the little ones, I know. It is a good plan, if Mrs. Hammond" —

"She would think nothing she could do for Mrs. Gookin any trouble. We have an old pony, on which the little girl can ride all about the farm; and we have chickens, and lambs, and pigs, and calves; pigeons too, and bank-swallows. She will be well amused. Miss Greenleaf, I thank you for a plan putting it in my power to give her every pleasure we can; and I can promise you she shall be content without injurious indulgence."

"Which children are never the happier for," observed Mrs. Greenleaf.

Kate looked at her letter in some surprise when the bearer had taken leave. It was on fine paper, nicely folded, sealed with wax, and superscribed in an elegant, but not precise, hand. Was it Mr. Hammond's? She thought there was an air of habitual polish and ease about it that did not belong to an old farmer, who probably had not occasion to write one letter in six months. Within, the page had been ruled with a pencil, very wide, so that there was room between Helen's primly written lines for a running commentary in a bolder character. The postscript explained the mystery. "N. B. — The gentleman who is boarding here is very kind. (Very officious!) He offers to correct my letter. (The rogue!) He says he knows you very well (only by your pupil's report). He presses wildwood flowers under rocks (that is, large pebbles from the stone walls). I went berrying; and he and Rover went too. (Note. — Are you envious?) I stepped on a plant, and my foot was as though I had dipped it in the pond. (The sanacenia, called absurdly the side-saddle plant.) Its leaves were all little pitchers, with water in them. (We dug it up, and have it domesticated in a tub.) Good by."

There was a dot and line figure at the end, with its back bent in such a profoundly respectful *congé* that Kate ran, with a ringing laugh, to show it to her mother. John and Pet must needs see; and, marvelling at a style of drawing at once so expres-

sive and so easy, spent all the remaining daylight in practising upon it.

"I am glad the children did not go with Helen," said Mrs. Greenleaf. "This letter is delightful, — it is so childlike."

"It is, indeed," said Kate. "No doubt she was uneasy at first, missing the care. But grandmamma allowed her to be useful to her in some little household matters. I dare say this merry Mr. Anonymous has helped not a little to restore the buoyancy of her mind."

"Gentlemen often go up to that region trouting," observed Mrs. Greenleaf; "clerks from dry goods stores in the city, and such" —

"*Such* are not apt to be botanists, however," thought Kate.

(To be continued.)

## HYMN TO GOD'S JUSTICE.

For ever, God is love;  
Love never is unjust:  
True mercy saith, below, above,  
To earth, to heaven, "Ye must."

God's justice loveth well;  
Kindly his fearful ire  
Upflames across our way to hell  
Like a consuming fire.

Thou'rt right as thou art good;  
Thy good is always right:  
The justice of thy fatherhood  
Be our supreme delight!

Thy Son our Righteousness  
Rebuked whom he forgave:  
Our Judge, — he but condemns to bless,  
And punishes to save.

C. A. A. D.

## A YEAR OF TRIAL; OR, LESSONS OF "THE TIMES."

## CHAPTER V.

"THE little leaven that leaveneth the whole lump" was working in Mr. Selby's heart, unconsciously perhaps to himself; but his wife beheld with true joy, such as no improvement in their temporal condition would have given her, slight indications of the awakening and growth of a higher and holier life within him. So very slight, indeed, were these indications, that they would scarcely have been noticed by one less intimately acquainted than herself with his character, or one who did not know by experience how much more difficult it is to practise what are often considered the minor Christian virtues, than to perform Christian acts which all may take knowledge of.

Mr. Selby, in one, and that the common, acceptation of the word, had never been a selfish man; that is, he had always been capable of any acts of self-denial and self-sacrifice which required some one considerable effort of the will; but, in another sense, he was supremely selfish. He had never been willing to do little things, or make small sacrifices of his own personal care or comfort to oblige or relieve others, — deeming all such acts almost unmanly, and never considering, that, as not only quoted, but beautifully illustrated, in the "Heir of Redclyffe," "Little things, on little wings, bear little souls to heaven." Now he was changed in this particular; and on this change his wife built her hopes of a thorough transformation of his character. He had already begun to regard Mr. Alden with more just and friendly feelings than had been possible for him hitherto, while he was looking upon their dissevered relations from the point of view of his own disappointed expectations and hardships. He was much pleased at the renewal of intercourse between Mrs. Alden and his wife, and that from purer motives than gratified pride.

Mr. Selby was very fond of his children, and had always been ready to play with the older ones for their and his own amusement; but he had never seemed to consider how great a relief to their weary mother's arms it might often be, if he would but take the little ones for a few moments only at a time, when he could do it as well as not. If he ever thought of the matter at all, it was merely to say to himself, "Men don't understand tending babies."

But now, under the new impulses working in his heart and influencing his actions, and as an evidence of the fact that there were such, came the desire to lighten, in every way in his power, the cares of his patient, uncomplaining wife; and the result was, that he took upon himself the duty of amusing and caring for the twins after his return from the city at the close of the day, who, now that the days were longer and hotter, were seldom put to bed until some time after tea. His efforts brought their own reward with them, independently of that springing from the consciousness that he was lightening, in some degree, the burden which was bearing so heavily on his wife; for the lively and active little Rose soon learned to delight, above all things, in being dandled and jumped in father's arms; while the more quiet little Lily would sit on the floor at her mother's feet, enjoying the sport she was too timid to participate in.

"Give me Rose now, Edward," said Mrs. Selby one evening, when her husband had been tending and playing with her a longer time than usual; "you must be tired."

"Yes, entirely exhausted. I must have had her full twenty-five minutes, while you have been idling, after a whole day of, I doubt not, luxurious repose; namely, tending two babies, looking after two elder children, and — oh! what luxury of indolence! — directing Bridget."

Mrs. Selby laughed, and said, "I have really had quite an easy time; for the children have been very good, and Mrs. Alden took us out to ride, and Bridget has not made more than two blunders, of any moment, to-day."

"O mamma! you forget. Besides baking your nice custard till it was black, and boiling the beans in your porcelain kettle, she stewed the gooseberries in the dinner-kettle half full of water," broke in Louise.

"True, my dear; I forgot about the custard. It met with the usual fate of such articles, when I cannot leave the children to attend to them."

"And, O papa!" continued Louise, "you should have seen how she looked when mamma said, 'O Bridget! what have you done with the gooseberries?' 'Stewed them, shure, as yer bid me, marm, like as I stewed the vale t'other day, barring the pepper an' salt yer never telled me to pit in; but it's asily added, shure, an' no harm done at all, at all.'"

"Why, Ellen!" said Mr. Selby, looking sober. "Bridget gets worse and worse, doesn't she?"

"Oh, no! she does well when I am by to direct her; and she's kind-hearted and obliging, and willing to tend the babies while I rest me in the kitchen. You know, if she was very capable, she would not live with me for the wages I give, when she could do so much better; and I really think she will learn by and by. She says she had a sun-stroke at home, in the 'ould counthry,' and her head has never been quite right since."

"A misfortune many of her nation have met with, judging from their actions," said Mr. Selby, smiling.

The conversation now took another turn, to Mrs. Selby's relief, without her husband once alluding, as he would have done a short time before, to their reduced circumstances, which obliged them to keep such help in the kitchen.

After the children were all in bed and quietly asleep, Mr. and Mrs. Selby passed the small remainder of the short July evening on the seat in the garden, enjoying the rest so faithfully earned by both.

"Ellen," said Mr. Selby, after a short pause, "I have been thinking how very kind the Grants are to us; and I wish I could make some return, however slight, to them."

"They do not wish for any return, Edward; and I think, knowing our circumstances, would be pained, if we undertook to make any at present."

"Oh! I was not thinking of making a return that would involve an outlay of money. *That* is out of the question, as the times are becoming worse, rather than better, and the expenses of living are increasing. I don't see, Ellen, how you manage to make both ends meet, with the small sum you take for household expenses."

"Oh! I manage very well: you know it is quite easy, when one has a fixed sum, to make it answer; and I find my allowance is sufficient to enable us to live on plain, wholesome food, and pay Bridget beside."

"I am glad you are able to do so much with so small a sum; for I do not see how I can increase it. As it is, I find it out of the question to save a single cent; and if we should have sickness, now that we are away from good Dr. Lester, I know not what we should do."

"We are all well now, Edward; and we must have faith in God. So far, he has carried us through our trials; and, if he metes out to us still greater ones, he will also give us strength to bear them."

"True, most true, Ellen. I am beginning, faintly to be sure, to discern his hand in all the events of our lives. You do not know how much I rejoice in the providence, for it seems no less to me, which brought us into this quiet, healthy spot, where you can have your two best friends to look after you and the little ones. It is very sickly in the city this summer. The cholera and kindred diseases prevail more extensively than is generally known. I see sad sights in some of the streets I pass through on my way to the cars."

"You have no fears of the cholera yourself, Edward?"

"Oh, no! I am careful in my diet and of myself; and Dr. Lester says that's the most important thing, next to a clear conscience, to ward off disease."

"How like him! We should miss him if we had sickness."

"Yes, indeed we should. By the way, I forgot to tell you I met Dr. Clarke in the cars a few days since, and was introduced to him. He told me that he and his wife have been intending to call on us; but, thus far, had been prevented. I was much pleased with his kind, friendly manners. We are indebted to Dr. Lester, I suppose, for his interest in us. He is more reserved and dignified than Dr. Lester; but I think you would like him, should we be obliged to have a physician."

"Which I hope and trust will not be the case," said Mrs. Selby earnestly. "But we have wandered from the Grants."

"Oh, yes! I was only going to say that I used to be a good Latin scholar; and perhaps I could assist Johnny in his lessons, which, I hear, are quite a trouble to him."

Mrs. Selby looked up surprised. She knew her husband particularly disliked teaching, having none of the patience so requisite to such an undertaking; and she knew, moreover, that Johnny, although a hard-working and painstaking little fellow, found this same Latin so very difficult, that he was likely to task pretty severely the patience of any one who might propose to assist him. Besides this, her husband had but little time to himself: did he not need that little for rest and recreation? Occupied with such thoughts, she did not answer, until Mr. Selby said,

"Do you not approve of the plan, Ellen? I thought it would please you. I can give to the lessons the half-hour you are engaged in putting the children to bed."

"Certainly I approve of it, Edward, if you do not need the half-hour for rest, and if you think it would be a real kindness to Johnny to aid him."

"As for the rest, I don't need that so much more than you do, as I see; and as to the kindness to Johnny, there can be no doubt. He will never make a brilliant scholar; but, with his love of learning, — and a real love it must be, to induce him to study so hard, — he will make, what is far better, a clear-headed, substantial thinker and reasoner, a man of solid attainments and sound judgment; qualities much to be praised in these days of out-side show and flash. Then, Ellen, I know of nothing I need quite so much as patience; I think it will do me about as much good as it will Johnny; so, if you'll propose the plan to Mrs. Grant to-morrow, we'll commence to-morrow night. Did you think I was always to be insensible to your good example, Ellen? and was always to remain as selfish and unfeeling as I have hitherto been? Our poet never expressed himself more to the point than in the line, —

'Man is selfish, and seeketh pleasure, with little care of what may betide.'

I might add the other line of the stanza; but I forbear for your sake."

"Do not speak in that way, Edward; I do not know what cause you have. You surely do not neglect the duties of your sphere; and I do not see that you are called upon to take mine upon you, as you have seemed disposed to do of late."

"Not if you are bearing more than your share of the burden, which should be mutual. Here you have been, by degrees, taking upon yourself the whole management of our household affairs, until all I have left to do is to pay the rent and attend to my town business."

"And is not that quite enough, Edward? You have often spoke of Mr. Watkins as by no means an easy master."

"Nor is he; but that is no reason why I should be idle while your cares and duties are such that you never know when you are to have a quiet hour, by day or by night. No, dear Ellen;



I have been walking all these years in darkness, insensible to the true meaning of our marriage-vows, which did not prescribe twelve hours of labor for me, and twenty-four for you. Now that light is dawning upon me, do not refuse to let me be guided by its benignant rays; and do not object to my rendering to you that aid, in the care of our children and in our household affairs, which it is surely my duty to do."

"Ah!" said Ellen, striving to speak playfully, although really much moved, "you will arouse my woman's-rights feelings if you undertake to narrow down my sphere of action within such very limited bounds. Have a care what you do, lest you drive me to overstep my own special province, and claim some of your prerogatives."

"This won't do, Ellen," said Mr. Selby, seriously. "You know I have been selfish and exacting always; and you know, too, that it is my duty to relieve you in every way in my power, especially since it is my own fault that has brought us into our present straitened circumstances. No: do not interrupt me; it was my headstrong, impulsive temper that did the mischief; and, now that I clearly see that it was so, let me atone for it in whatever way I can, knowing that you do far more to lessen my cares than I can ever hope to do to lessen yours."

"There is one thing, Edward, I wish you would do, if you really feel that you did wrong in the affair with Mr. Alden."

"What is that?" asked Mr. Selby, quickly.

"Say so to him."

"I cannot yet, Ellen; I am not humble enough for that yet; though I hope I shall be ere long; and then it would seem like suing to him for favor. No: I will strive to get through this last year of my probation manfully; and then I will acknowledge all my faultiness. Will not that satisfy you?"

"I suppose it must, Edward; although my mother always taught me to make instant confession when I saw I had done wrong; and I think you might do it, and not incur the suspicion of expecting to gain any thing by it, by refusing any assistance at present from Mr. Alden, even should he proffer it, which I very much doubt if he would."

"If I was sure of that — Well, I will think about it. You will see Mrs. Grant to-morrow?"

"Yes: scarcely a day passes that I do not see her. To-mor-

row, it is true, she may not be able to come here, for she is expecting Mrs. Payson; but I think I can manage to see her."

"Mrs. Payson? What! Mrs. Alden's old nurse, whom you were speaking of the other day?"

"Yes: the same. Mr. Alden was unable to find a suitable house for her, and her daughter, who takes care of her; so he asked Mrs. Grant if she would not, as a favor, take them to board for a while, until he could make some other arrangement; which she consented to do, entirely out of kindness, I know; for she has already declined several applications for board by city people, who would have paid her handsomely."

"What a genuine good woman she is, Ellen!"

"That she is, indeed; and there is the more merit in taking Mrs. Payson; for, although she is a truly Christian woman, Mrs. Grant knows she has some very trying peculiarities."

"Well, Ellen, your mother had a wonderful faculty in teaching those under her influence how to forget themselves."

"She did it," said Mrs. Selby warmly, "by her noble example, far more than by any formal instructions; more by what she did than by what she said."

"Yes: I do not need to be told how much more powerful the former is than the latter," said Mr. Selby, looking at his wife affectionately.

The proposal about Johnny's Latin was made and accepted; and the next day Mr. Selby commenced his labor of love, which tested pretty severely his newly formed resolutions; and though he sometimes bit his lip, in vexation of spirit, at his pupil's slow comprehension of what to him had been easily understood and learned, he repressed all expression of it. After a few evenings' patience and care, however, he had the satisfaction of knowing that Johnny was beginning to see his way through the intricacies of declensions and conjugations, and bid fair to become a respectable Latin scholar.

And Johnny himself was very grateful for this kindness, — a real kindness it was to him. One evening, after he had finished his lesson, he lingered longer than usual. Mr. Selby, supposing, by his manner, that he wanted to ask him some question, kindly said to him, —

"Do you wish any further assistance?"

"Oh, no, sir! I only wanted to thank you for your kindness in

helping me. The boys don't laugh at me now; and I feel a great deal happier myself. To be sure, it wasn't worth my while minding them; but somehow I couldn't help it, when I knew they thought me a dunce; and some of them used to call me an interloper."

"How do you know that?"

"I heard Jack Thornton say I was to Lewis Ray and Clarence Alden; and Lewis said, 'Yes: there's no distinction in rank now; carpenters' sons are equal to any body;' and Clarence said, 'Why should they not be, if they behave well?' And then they all laughed at him, and asked him when he was going to begin to learn his trade, as he was too democratic to be a gentleman; and a good deal more of the same kind."

"Well, my boy, such things are not worth minding; and the boys will learn to respect you, if you respect yourself, and do not seem to care for their notice. Schoolboys often say very cruel things; but their hearts are generally right."

The little family at Vine Cottage had spent nearly three months in their pleasant rural home, with as few cares and discomforts as could be expected under the circumstances. Indeed, Mrs. Selby's cheerful, trusting spirit transformed, as it were, the little trials and vexations of every-day life, which are such thorns in the side of many, into positive blessings, by the good use she made of the discipline they afforded her. Hitherto the children had been happy and well in their new life and out-door sports; but now, at the close of July, as the weather grew hotter and hotter, it affected and irritated them; and, in addition to all, the twins, in some way unaccountable to Mrs. Selby, had caught colds, which made them very troublesome. Then Bridget, who had become much more capable in her own department, had formed acquaintances in the village, and frequently asked permission to go out in those hours which she had been in the habit of devoting to the twins. As Mrs. Selby felt she had no positive claim on her services in the nursery, she did not like to refuse her; consequently she got very little aid from her now in the care of her children. Business was at its height with Mr. Watkins; and Mr. Selby was frequently detained in town until the last train, which brought him home weary and depressed, though never, as formerly, complaining.

"O mamma!" said Louise, at the close of an oppressively hot day, as she stood watching for her father's return from the city; "here is Mr. Alden's carriage coming up our lane: and now it has stopped at our gate, and Mr. Alden is helping papa out. And there is Dr. Lester, too. Come quick, mamma, and see what is the matter!"

At this intelligence the blood rushed in such a tide to Mrs. Selby's heart that she could scarcely breathe; but, receding, it left her deadly pale, though outwardly calm and collected. Murmuring to herself, 'The cholera!' she called Bridget from the kitchen to take the twins, and hastened to meet her husband, who in vain strove to hide his extreme suffering under a smile. Dr. Lester cheerfully answered the question her lips could not utter.

"Your husband came to me an hour since to prescribe for him; and I thought the best thing I could do was to get him home at once. As this attack has been taken in season, I have no doubt I shall be able to manage it. It has been brought on as much by fatigue as any other cause."

Ellen did not ask what the attack was; she knew without; and, uttering a silent prayer for strength, she assisted the doctor in attending upon her husband, while Mr. Alden drove to the village for Dr. Clarke. In about half an hour, the two returned; when Dr. Lester said, —

"I must go back to the city to-night, Ellen. I would not leave you, even in such good hands as Dr. Clarke's, did not duty compel me to be at my post there. I have one patient very sick, whom I must return to. Keep up a good heart. I will be with you in the morning by the early train, if possible."

One glance at Dr. Clarke's kind, sympathizing face, after Dr. Lester left, the first she gave him, re-assured Mrs. Selby; for she felt at once that his heart, as well as his skill, was enlisted in behalf of his suffering patient. On his part, he was moved to the very depths of his kindly nature at the scene of distress before him, and deeply affected by the resolute calmness of that delicate, fragile-looking woman.

It was an hour of agonizing doubt and trial to Mrs. Selby; for she had seen her husband go forth in the morning, "rejoicing as a strong man to run a race;" and now he lay prostrate on his bed of suffering, wrestling, as it were, with the angel of death.

At this moment, Louise, whom no persuasion could induce to

go to bed "till papa was better," came to tell her mother that Bridget wished to see her directly. Supposing it some urgent call in behalf of the twins, she went immediately to her.

"Och, an' shure," said the frightened girl, "it's ony thing beside I'd do for the misthress; but I cant' stay in a house whiles the cholera's in't."

"You would not leave me now, Bridget? You are in no danger; and you shall not be required to go into the sick room."

"Och! an' sorrow on us all that iver I lift the owld counthry to come over here to Ameriky an' be kilt dead intirely. An' shure I wouldn't stay for all the gould in Californy; it would be no more nor less nor tempting Providence, like; it wouldn't, marm. Ony thing beside in the wide wourld I'd do for ye an' mather an' the darlints of babbies there, sure I would; but, if I stay here, I'll be jest kilt intirely with the fricht; an' then where's the good? Och! the Lord be gracious, that the like of me should iver come to this!"

Seeing it useless to contend the matter, and anxious to return to her husband, Mrs. Selby desired the poor trembling creature to go for Mrs. Grant; and taking Rose, who was very restless, in her arms, and giving Lily in charge to Louise, she turned to go back to the sick room. At that moment, Louise caught her dress, and said imploringly, —

"Mamma, is papa going to die?"

"I trust not, my child: you must pray God to spare him to us longer."

"Oh, I will! I will! But Bridget said she knew death was coming into the house, for she heard 'the pounding of a hammer' the other night; and I was so frightened. I am glad she has gone, mamma. I will help you. She doesn't know what God means to do, does she? I know he is good; and he will never take away our dear papa."

"Hush, my dear! Bridget does not know God's will, certainly; neither do we know it. But one thing we all know; and that is, that God is a kind and loving father. Now I must go, dear child."

Dr. Clarke had heard enough of the conversation between Mrs. Selby and Bridget to understand how matters stood; and, when the former came back, he looked up cheerfully, and said, in an encouraging tone, —

"Your husband is easy now, and will sleep. I can remain with him, and indeed I prefer to do so, until ten o'clock; and then I trust the danger will be over. In the mean time, as you will need all your strength for the night, it will be best for you to lie down with your little one and rest till I call you. If he is worse, which I hope may not be the case, you shall be informed immediately."

He spoke kindly, and yet in a tone of authority which she did not feel that she ought to resist. Thanking him, she withdrew to the little parlor, and lay down upon the sofa, with Rose in her arms; having first placed Louise in an arm-chair, and drawn in the cradle for Lily, who was sleeping sweetly, unconscious of the calamity threatening the little household. Sleep, however, was not to be wooed to her eyelids in her present state of mind. For a time she lay hardly daring to breathe, lest she should lose a sound from the bedroom. As she lay there in anxious suspense, her mind reverted to the happy past; and all the scenes of her early, joyful youth, mysteriously daguerreotyped upon the secret tablets of the memory, passed before her. She recalled the days of her childhood; and ever with them mingled the remembrance of the bright, beaming face of her schoolboy friend and playmate; of the happy period that followed their engagement; of their quiet walks in the green lanes and pleasant woods of her country home; of their wedding; and the first years of their married life; of the strange, new thrills of joy awaked by the birth of little Louise. Then came the shadow on their path, — a shadow which had gradually been growing darker and darker, till now what at first was only a little cloud was threatening to obscure her whole horizon of joy by its ever-increasing darkness. "And yet, was it, after all, darkness," she thought; "or was it likely to prove darkness in the end?" Had she not already been rejoicing in the belief that her husband's temporal calamities had, even now, begun to prove themselves divine agencies in bringing him to a true knowledge of himself, and in securing to him the eternal riches of heavenly grace? Oh, no! Let what would come, it would not be darkness, if only her husband, whether in life or death, could be brought into a living faith in Christ his Redeemer.

There are some moments in which we live over the events of years, — in which some occasion, or some visitation of Providence,

calls forth scenes and occurrences long since forgotten from the mysterious inner chambers of the memory, where nothing that has once entered is ever lost; so that, while we live in the past, which in its vividness seems but of yesterday, the present, in its terrible reality, is ever before us; and we long, while we dread, to lift the veil with which God in his infinite wisdom has shrouded the future from mortal gaze. So lived Ellen Selby in the half-hour that elapsed while she lay upon the sofa. In the little bedroom, where the kind physician waited and watched beside her husband, all was still, — waited and watched more in fear than in hope; for he dreaded the awakening to fresh suffering, it might be to mortal agony. Meantime she heard light footsteps in the kitchen, which she knew were Mrs. Grant's; and the low tones of a voice, which she felt were Mrs. Alden's.

And could she herself do nothing? Yes: she was a woman of faith, and had the Christian's never-failing resource, — prayer. And evermore, as she prayed for the life of her nearest and dearest earthly friend, she also prayed, "And yet, O Father! teach me to pray and to feel, 'not my will, but thine, be done.'"

Presently a slight sound came through the half-open door of the little bedroom, as of one moving uneasily on the bed; and then a low groan, followed by another, and still another, each increasing in intensity, as if the agony of the patient was too great for endurance. Mrs. Selby sprang up, and gave her baby to Mrs. Grant, who, with Mrs. Alden, came in from the kitchen on hearing Mr. Selby's groans, and, followed by the latter, went to her husband, who vainly strove to conceal his sufferings from his wife with the mockery of a smile.

For many minutes, every thought and energy of those present were given to the sufferer, whose paroxysms of pain were fearful to witness. No hand was steadier, no face calmer, than Mrs. Selby's. It was a steadiness and calmness given, as she felt, in answer to prayer for strength and resignation, by Him who has promised to hear his children when they call upon his name. None who looked upon the countenance of the devoted wife could doubt whence she derived her support. When the intense severity of the pain had subsided, Mr. Selby looked at his wife with an expression of tender reverence, and said, —

"God bless you, Ellen, for all you have been to me! If I die, he will take care of you and our little ones." After a pause he added, "I am resigned to his will."

"Then all is right, dearest Edward," she bent down and whispered to him. "Fear not; for he is kind, loving, and merciful, and his promises are sure and steadfast to all who come to him through Christ the Saviour."

He smiled faintly, and bowed his head upon his heart, as if in prayer; and, when he raised it again, there passed over his face an expression which all present mistook for the mysterious token of the presence of death. Ellen clasped still closer his damp hand, and gently wiped from his brow the cold dew of struggling nature. Would he live, or would he die? was the unspoken thought of every one who watched around that sick bed.

Dr. Clarke hastily went to the little table, and prepared another medicine, saying, half to himself, half aloud, "There is one more chance."

Returning to the bedside, he administered it to the half-conscious patient, and stood with his finger on his pulse, and watch in hand, noting its effect. Presently he said, "It works well."

Soon there was an evident change for the better in Mr. Selby; but still, as the hours of the night dragged heavily on, there were continued alternations of hope and fear. Never, it seemed to those anxious watchers, did time move so tardily. It was as if he had stayed his march to see whether life or death would prevail. At last, however, morning dawned, and with it came a marked improvement in the condition of the sick man; and Dr. Clarke said kindly and encouragingly, as he administered the medicine again, and saw his patient sinking into a gentle sleep, —

"This has been a trying night, Mrs. Selby; but now I can venture to bid you hope. All the symptoms are favorable; and I see no reason why your husband should not have a long, refreshing sleep. If there is a change for the worse," turning to Mrs. Alden, "you must send for me directly. And now," said he, kindly taking Mrs. Selby's hand, "you must lie down and rest. Yes, you must," he added, seeing she was about to remonstrate; "for your husband's sake, if not for your own. When he wakes, you will wish to be with him."

"Yes," said Mrs. Grant. "Mr. Grant has come in to sit an hour or two; and you can safely leave Mr. Selby to us. We can rest by and by, you know."

The early train brought Dr. Lester, whose face lighted up as he saw Mrs. Alden at the door.



"How is he?"

"Better; but, O doctor! we have had a fearful night."

"Yes, yes: I knew it would be so. Few recover from so violent an attack. How is Ellen?"

"She is asleep, — entirely exhausted. You should have seen her last night."

"No, I shouldn't. I know just how she bore it; and do you think I want to make a spectacle of myself? I don't see but I might as well have been married, and had a family of my own to look after, as to bear other people's troubles for them."

This was said in a half-petulant tone, very common with the good doctor when he wanted to conceal the deep feelings of his heart. After a moment's pause, he said, —

"Selby has over-worked himself. If your husband won't see Watkins, I must; though I'd rather face all the cholera cases in the city than listen to his worldly reasoning."

"Mr. Alden will see him; he said he should last night. He would have been here, but was quite sick himself."

"That's right. Watkins isn't a hard-hearted man; but he has an idea that all his subordinates are able to do as much work as he himself. What's that? Do you hear that child cough?" he asked abruptly, as Nancy Payson, who had come in to take Bridget's place for the present, entered with Rose.

"Yes. You do not think" —

"Think? I know: it's the whooping-cough; and there's six months work for Ellen. Well, there's one comfort; she can bear and do more than many a woman, with twice her strength, who has not the love and faith which she has to sustain them."

"And there is another comfort," said Mrs. Alden: "'As her day, so shall her strength be.'"

## THE MASTER AND THE DRAUGHT OF FISHES.

A SERMON BY JOHANN GOTTFRIED VON HERDER.

(Translated by E. H. S. C.)

THE discourse of a strange teacher in a strange land must need some introduction to our own time and people. One, who does not understand the peculiar character of the country in which the instructor spoke, must fail likewise in discerning the doctrines of his discourse, and is also wanting in that measure of wisdom, of sensibility, and of practical acceptance, belonging to his hearers; therefore the tone in which the teacher spoke to them must be inaudible to his ears.

There is, for the ordinary teacher, a chain of truth and knowledge, a fabric of duties and conditions, to which he contributes: he is, at least, one with his countrymen in language, in modes of thought, and in the tone of his understanding. But a stranger, unless he become as a novice for the sake of the common cause, unless he surrenders his whole heart and soul, the whole living assembly of his faculties, and so gives himself up entirely to this new influence, will find here a portion too strange and unaccustomed, there another too high, or too lowly, or too unpolished, to be received, and will finally conclude them to be the peculiar, though natural, judgments of an individual mind.

But we, my friends, truly do not preach our own interpretations of the word: there is a more trustworthy testimony to the truth of Him we hear, wherein we have proof of his eloquence, his skill, and the delight to be found in him. See! his discourse rises from its narrow confines, its obscure course, to a region high and free; the message he had to deliver was not his, but God's; a light, proceeding not out of his own being, but from above it, which lightens the way of all; a word of truth, which, being given by the Father of all souls, speaks to all souls, and works in them with power. Thus appears the great Sun above all creatures, and quickens them by his glory: cedars and flowers alike perceive their divinity, and know that he smiles upon them, nourishes and blesses them.

So it is the first wonderful witness to the universal ministry of Jesus, that his spirit united all languages, all varieties of men,

nations, countries, modes of sentiment and of thought. To him came each one, finding in him the speech of his own nation, his own heart, his own feelings. And so will this be eternally the inward token of the teachings of Jesus, that, through their simplicity, and inmost, heart-conquering truth, they lived among the different races of men, a working influence among those most remote in place and time.

My purpose to-day is also to present the text, upon which I have to speak, in its most easy and natural form, as an image of our divine Brother, that we may find, in a simple, yet sublime and far-reaching, story of our Master's life, a universal lesson for our common humanity.

And Thou, all-pervading, all-moving, all-quickenings Deity! — thou who art in us, and around us, and werkest in us all! — inspire thy word with might and inward energy! May it so animate our spiritual natures that they may resemble that image of God, — Jesus Christ! Show to us thy form, — thou, our first-born Brother, Leader, and Saviour of men! — that in every action of thy life, whether small or great, in every look of thine, every deed, every word, we may perceive the noble purity, the deep fulness, of thy heart and soul, which fill all with a celestial glory. Let us feel our humble and fallen humanity in this valley of death; and then breathe thou upon us, that we may be again created. Amen.

#### GOSPEL OF LUKE v. 1-11.

"And it came to pass, that, as the people pressed upon him to hear the word of God, he stood by the Lake of Gennesaret, and saw two ships standing by the lake; but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets. And he entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And he sat down and taught the people out of the ship. Now, when he had left speaking, he said unto Simon, Launch out into the deep, and let down your nets for a draught. And Simon, answering, said unto him, Master, we have toiled all the night, and have taken nothing; nevertheless, at thy word I will let down the net. And, when they had this done, they enclosed a great multitude of fishes; and their net brake. And they beckoned unto their partners, which were in the other ship, that they should come and help them. And they came, and filled both the ships, so that they began to sink. When Simon Peter saw it, he fell down at Jesus' knees, saying, Depart from me; for I am a sinful man, O Lord! For he was astonished, and all that were with him, at the draught of the fishes which they had taken. And so was also James and John, the sons of Zebedee, which were partners with Simon. And Jesus said unto Simon, Fear not: from henceforth thou shalt catch men. And when they had brought their ships to land, [they forsook all, and followed him.]"

The beginning of this chapter is also the end of the preceding: "The people pressed upon him to hear the word of God." They come in crowds to seek him in the wilderness, delaying his de-

parture. But he must force himself away from them: "In other cities also must I preach the word of God; for therefore am I sent." Yet, here in Galilee, at the Sea of Gennesaret, they gather themselves again around him.

No evangelist ever praises our Lord: the glory of his character forbids all sounding forth of his honor in their human words. How, then, do they praise him? By their deeds. They show his power in his mighty works; they see the lightning of his word as it pierces the heart, — the sunshine of his presence, as the multitudes surround him.

He speaks with authority, and not as the Pharisees; he pities the people, as a scattered, forsaken, shepherdless flock. The shepherdless flock follow him, and find in him the help they need; they press upon him to hear the word of God. And if there were many unspiritual ones, many who came for the sake of that wonderful bread wherewith they had been nourished, — another portion, sick persons, waiting to be healed, — still the power of God, the light of his word, shining in darkness, could not be vanquished thereby. It remained in safety; and will ever remain so, until the last ray of the word of Jesus shall leave the earth. He came a light into the world, to enlighten the people to the praise of God; a covering of darkness and hardness was over their minds; darkness fought with light, because their deeds were evil; but the light issued forth from the contest, bright and warm. New multitudes crowded upon him to receive the blessing.

This is the nature of every spark and every ray of the word of God that is pure. They work, they reach their end; because their end is, what they are themselves, a design of God, the Creator of the world, the Father and Saviour of men. No ray of truth, goodness, or love, is ever lost, though to us it may appear so. The life of Jesus, the Son of God, was certainly, in an infinite sense, most powerful in its effects upon the human race; yet it seemed in many ways, to the eyes of men, a fruitless and ineffectual life. It was not so; Jesus never wearied; but, when he saw the multitudes of selfish, deluded people, he went his way: "I must preach in other cities also, in other regions; for therefore am I sent." And so his word never failed in its working.

How does he speak now to this great assembly of the people, and in what form do they appear? "He stood by the Sea of

Gennesaret, and saw two ships standing; he entered one of them, and taught." See there the whole simple, straightforward course of Jesus. He spoke without any outward preparation, either of power or rank, of subtleties or fascinations. Every place where he could teach was to him holy as the temple of God; every circumstance by which he was surrounded was to him, as it were, the shell, the investment, of the most precious pearl among the mysteries of the kingdom of God which he had in charge to reveal. His speech was the language of Galilee; the circle of his thought, expression, common to the land in which he was. A fisher with fishermen, a poor man amongst the poor, here he stood, in a strange ship and on the shore, with those that had come to hear him. He comprehended them all, each in his peculiar disposition; yet in every word is a whole heaven, present and future; each of his simple parables is a pearl of the kingdom of God, — a small seed-corn, — in which lies the whole tree of eternity. Ship and shore were to him the holiest temple of the Almighty.

My Christian brethren, we are always far from the divine simplicity, fulness, and truth of Jesus, when we do not receive religion in her clear, pure breadth and universality. So long as she is to us the enemy of man, whom we confine in temples, cells, and cloisters; while it is only in dark hours and times of heaviness that we are willing to think of God, when we can think of nothing else; so long may we be certain that religion is not to us what she was meant to be. Christ's relation to God was far removed from this common hypocrisy; it was the very spirit and essence of his life; it was ever his meat and drink, his joy and peace, to fulfil the will of his Father, — ever to do what he saw the Father doing. This spirit pervades all the evangelists, all the epistles and life-histories of his disciples and apostles.

Christianity is nothing, or it is the ruling, all-subduing spirit in the life of man, that forsakes none of his words or employments or his dealing with his fellows, but consecrates all and each to the service of God in a hidden life with Christ. As we cannot draw a breath of our natural life out of the atmosphere of the living spirit which surrounds us; thus also, universally aiding and quickening, is the higher Spirit of God, that unites itself with our souls, fills our hearts, makes us images of God in the likeness of Christ, having the gift of eternal life, and breathing

freedom and joy and energy into all our thoughts and deeds. Not only in the church and in the hours of devotion are we to be Christians: the universe was the temple of Christ; it should be ours also. Sea and shore, the ship and the land, the secret chamber of the home, or that great temple of God which raises its clear, blue arches everywhere above us, — over all God rules; in all should we feel his presence. Christ is not here nor there, but an indweller of our souls.

“He entered the ship which was Simon’s, and prayed him that he would put forth a little from the land.”

Didst thou think, O Simon! when Jesus entered into thy ship, that the hour was come which should separate thee from it for ever, and make thy heart a captive? Didst thou think of all this while listening to his word, and obeying his command to loose the vessel from the shore? Willingly didst thou surrender thy ship to thy Lord; and thus, by a seeming accident, the course of thy heart-experience, of thy apostleship, and of thy eternal future, were the great results of this simple call, whose obedience was the best deed of thy whole life.

See in this the ways of a gracious Deity upon the hearts of men, — a trifling circumstance, that we name a chance or an accident, and so name it because we know no better; for what we cannot see, nor interpret, nor rightly determine, nor justly value, is often the wisest working of the Creator. Here falls a seed without our notice, that grows into a mighty tree; to this small circumstance is linked a whole series of so many other circumstances, that we are, as it were, entangled in a net, and led hither and thither, in ways we thought not of. This is God’s method in our lives, the cords by which he binds us to his will. In the course of our human lives, the fulness of opportunity for goodness, the instruction, the temptation, the proving of our virtue; here the disappointment and trouble, the unaccomplished purpose there, the benefit, the un hoped-for deliverance, a friend or an enemy, a joyful awakening or a night of bitter repentance, — all these are angels to lead us to God. The smallest opportunity, if we accept it, often contains an entire future. The entrance of Christ into the ship of Peter was the first step towards his apostleship.

In these trifles, as they seem to us, to see at all times the finger of God, to recognize the action of the Father, and to follow

him, — that is the spirit of the true divine, and Christ-like life-wisdom, — the world sees him not, and cannot receive him. He who has this spirit is never without God, without faith and joy. He sees ever the working of God his Father; and, where he cannot see, hopes and believes. Every incident of his life is to him a gate of heaven; the stone whereon he sleeps guides him where shines the glory of God; and, when he cannot see the end, he surrenders his ship to Jesus: at his command, he puts forth from the shore. The smallest duty of hospitality, St. Paul grounds upon the sublime foundation, that many have entertained angels unawares; and here Peter receives unconsciously that which shall prove his call to be the first apostle.

Jesus enters still farther into the circle of his thoughts and sympathies. He will first awake the attention of Peter, by a wonder wrought in the little world of his vessel, before he shows to him the way of life. He delays his address to the people; and, turning to Peter, he says, "Launch forth from the shore, and throw thy nets." In the details of this fisherman's occupation, he still conceals the power of the Almighty. Could he not cleave the moon, and remove mountains, rouse the waves of the sea, and lull them again to rest?

Wonders of this kind were never done by our Lord. For the sake of men, that he might awaken and subdue them, he wrought his miracles in the daily course of human action. Therefore it is that they seize at once upon the heart and soul, and overcome them. The nets of Peter, which now began to be so wonderful, impressed his soul more than the cleft moon or the changed world-order could have done.

The human Jesus was also human in his wonders, — with fishermen a fisher, with bridal companies an honored guest; working with each one in his own sphere. Herein is also an image of the all-embracing love of God, and the wisdom that knows all hearts, that, with the lowly, Jesus was not ashamed to humble himself. The foolish wisdom of this world may refuse to imitate this divine adaptation, uniting itself with all men and times and people, all wisdom and all weakness. But he who judges truly, will see, that, without this condescension, the mighty workings of the Spirit are impossible; and will reverence it as a proof of the reign of goodness, and the love of the Creator of man.

Who am I, that I should seek to penetrate the deep mysteries



of God? Will he enlighten me? will he reveal to me his high designs? will he speak to me as man speaketh unto man? See the history of the revelation of God, who makes all comprehensible, allays all doubt, and gives their proportion, their aim, and their order, to all things in the universe! See the disclosure in that greatest revelation of God in humanity through his Son! See, finally, that inward comfort in the teaching and religion of his providence, that God with me, with all men, deals and sympathizes as a man with his fellows; that he it is in whom I am and live, who knows intimately my thoughts and deeds, and is a co-worker with their good, as truly as with the burning thoughts of the supremest angel near his throne; that, when I am weak and down-trodden as a worm in the dust, he feels my grief as he feels also my joy, when, as a brother of Jesus, I adore his mercy!

Even where no man, no friend, not even we ourselves, can fathom the depths of our own natures, even those dark portions of our souls which only the light of eternity can reveal, are well known to him; they are his dwelling-place. He is, indeed, the All-Sanctifier of our being. The Father bears us all in the arms of his love; with each he deals in a different manner, as we are variously constituted and endowed. To Peter he reveals his secret love for him in the way that will most surely affect his heart.

"Launch forth into the deep, and cast thy nets." What a joyful call from the lips of Jesus! What an answer of joy and confidence in the mouth of the fisher! — "At thy word, O Lord! will I throw the nets." Thus cheerful and decided is ever the call of Jesus to his true disciple. No narrow aims, no trembling, fearful labor, with eyes cast upon the earth, are his; still less a timid, saintly idleness. All live and grow strong, working the will of God; the spirit of joy is openly revealed in them. "Launch out into the deep" is the call of God to each one in his place; and "Lord, at thy word," is the answer of him who shall draw into his nets the blessing.

If we, too, must often say, "Master, we have toiled all night in vain," still be the answer, "But at thy word"! Therefore also is it the will of God that our lives should be divided between fruitless and successful labor, lest we say, "My own power and the strength of my hand have enriched me," and forget God. The loss of happiness must alternate with the hours of good for-



tune. The vain labor of the night is ordained before the blessed morning dawn. The one must precede, that the other may be rightly felt.

If Peter had resisted this command, and regarded the further effort as hopeless, he would have destroyed the gracious revelation of the Lord. Therefore our daily prayer should be, "Create in me, O Lord! a joyful heart; renew thy spirit in me daily; give me courage for life; and also take not from me this spirit of joy in temptation and fruitless labor." Every employment of our life should begin as if God said to us, "Launch forth." And we must say also, "The miserable nights of anxiety are many." So let the final word be, "But at thy command, O Lord! the nets are sunk anew." Happy are we if God is always permitted by us, as here, to fulfil to us also his merciful intentions!

And see there the miracle! The nets sank; the presence of the Wonder-doer influenced the sea and its depths; the sea-creatures hurried thither, obedient to the silent summons of their Creator; the nets broke; and the other fishers, hastening to help their companions, drew in sufficient to fill both ships, so that they began to sink. And Peter fell at the feet of Jesus, saying, "Depart from me, O Lord! for I am a sinful man." See how the countenance of Jesus impresses the soul of Peter! Astonishment, awe, and fear have seized upon him. He lies at the feet of his Lord, and feels the presence of God, — feels also his own unworthiness of such mercy.

Was it the meaning of God's beneficence that Peter should be filled with food? or had he a purpose for his soul, a net to cast around his heart, to make him sensible of the whole presence of God? This was the object of our Lord in enriching him and his companions.

We are beasts, and not men, if we regard the temporal gifts of God as meant only for the body's comfort, and see nothing of their errand to the soul. Wherefore were they given? The answer to this question requires no prolonged meditation. The first effects of the voice of God upon us, as we see his works of wonder, should be the mighty feeling that overpowered the soul of Peter: "Lord! depart from me; I am a sinful man." There will then be to us a blessed humility and inward surrender, a different repentance and sense of shame, and then a new courage, thankfulness, and spirit of sacrifice, which shall say, "I am too

unworthy, O Lord ! of all the mercy and truth thou hast shown unto thy servant ; ” and we shall feel deeply also how neglected and unaccepted has been the same love in the past. The Giver will be more to us than the gift.

Peter knelt before his Lord, trembled before him, forsook the nets and the fishes, and followed him. “ Follow me,” said Jesus, “ and I will make you fishers of men.” And they left all, their old father also, and followed him.

Seeker of men ! so was thy design fulfilled ; thy might arose ; four of thy first and dearest disciples were united to thee ; in their souls lay already the germs of that life which only the future could fully develop. Peter, the rock of confession, on which thou wilt build thy church ; Andrew, his brother, known to thee still earlier ; James, who was thought worthy to drink, next to thee, of the cup of thy passion ; and John, thy beloved one, whose head lay upon thy breast, and who was the last witness among the apostles to thy future appearing.

Three of these were, above all, the most trusted friends of Jesus in the olive garden of his suffering, and upon the mount of his transfiguration. They were the firstlings of the flock given to him by his Father, whom he held dear and worthy, and whom he gave back to the Father in his prayer that they might be found by him in paradise.

“ Follow me,” said he, “ and you shall become fishers of men.” Could there have been to those fishermen a more beautiful, appropriate, and attractive word, to signify their future calling ? To “ catch men,” to collect them unto the blessedness of the kingdom of Jesus, — this was their destiny. How much more noble than their earthly inheritance ! To seek the souls of men, and make them blessed, to look forward to the time when all should be gathered in, how animating, how joyful ! — to seek their fellow-men, bringing them into the kingdom of God !

Now, is not this the time to reveal the cause why Jesus chose these men from all the multitude ? He saw in them a fitness for the cause to which they were to bear testimony, which he could not find in the corrupt and artful Pharisees and Scribes. In them was an upright mind, a healthy simplicity ; they were strong in these gifts of God. Such men he chose for the painstaking discipline of a whole year.

They became, at last, moulded according to his will. The first

discourse of Peter, at the outpouring of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost, was a net which gathered three thousand souls into the kingdom of God. They went on their way to perfection. Now are they exalted; and with them are those whom they brought to Jesus, their friends and the crown of their rejoicing. "They who forsake their all, and follow me," said Christ, "when the Son of man shall come to judge the world, shall sit upon his throne, judging the twelve tribes of Israel." And thus in his glory also are they nearest to their Lord.

Healer of the world! draw our souls also unto thee, and let us follow thee! Thou who art come to seek sinners, and to make them blessed, give to us eyes that shall know thy leading; above all, let us win thy love. Thou that humbledst thyself to every one, and didst not despise the least of thy companions, also in the course of our lives thou knowest the best means to defend our hearts, to conquer our wills, to make every resignation easy. The inmost recesses of our hearts are not concealed from thee. May these sensitive, and yet unhardened, portions of our spirits bear thy image; there may thy nets enclose us; may we be ever thy friends, and the hearers of thy word, that we may become the fruit of thy godlike and lifelong work! Make us like thee in the contentment of our minds, living and working in good courage; like thee, pure and holy; like thee, strong, and ever rejoicing; working for God upon the souls of others; in unity with our brethren; and doubting not the truth of a word or will of God. So shall we also share in that sea of blessedness which ever rolled its waves through thy soul; no more seeking thee in vain, and ever doing the will of the Father.

## BEECH HILL.

THE heaven was clothed in leaden gray  
As o'er the hill I took my way ;  
And keen and chilly was the air  
That swept the fields and pastures bare.  
My road, a rough and stony path,  
Bore scars from many a torrent's wrath,  
Which often on that hillside steep  
Had ploughed their furrows wide and deep.  
I went alone. All others sought  
The smoother path, more newly wrought,  
Which wound about below the hill,  
Led by a slowly falling rill,  
Where alders grew beside the way,  
And held the searching wind at bay.

I went alone. No : one dear Friend,  
With me that blessed day to spend,  
Was at my side where'er I trod,—  
My dearest Friend, my Father, God.  
His love the grateful cloud had spread,  
To guard from mid-day heat my head ;  
He fanned me with this cooling air,  
That I the toilsome task might bear ;  
His rains had formed these furrows deep,  
In which no searching wind could creep ;  
In them I sat when weary,— there  
I asked no sheltering alder's care ;  
And, when I reached the hill-top wild,  
A group of pines received his child.  
My Father there a feast had placed,  
With golden-rod and pearl-weed graced.  
The pampered sons of wealth may scorn  
The fruit of bramble and of thorn ;  
But blackberry and haw, thus placed,  
Were rich as manna to my taste ;  
And all the hill whereon I trod,  
Like Sinai, was the house of God.

H. T.